

THE
ENGLISH GARDEN:

A
P O E M.

I N
FOUR BOOKS.

BY W. MASON, *M. A.*

A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A
COMMENTARY AND NOTES,
BY W. BURGH, *ESQ. L. L. D.*

A GARDEN IS THE PUREST OF HUMAN PLEASURES;
IT IS THE GREATEST REFRESHMENT TO THE SPI-
RITS OF MAN, WITHOUT WHICH BUILDINGS AND
PALACES ARE BUT GROSS HANDY-WORKS. AND A
MAN SHALL EVER SEE, THAT WHEN AGES GROW TO
CIVILITY AND ELEGANCE, MEN COME TO BUILD
STATELY, SOONER THAN TO GARDEN FINELY: AS IF
GARDENING WERE THE GREATER PERFECTION.

VERULAM.

D U B L I N:

PRINTED BY P. BYRNE, No. 108, GRAFTON-STREET.

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M, DCC, LXX XVI.

ENGLISH GARDEN:

P. O. B. N.

BOOKS

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THE

NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES



P R E F A C E.

AS the Four Books, which compose the following Poem, were published originally at very distant intervals, I thought it expedient at the conclusion of the last to subjoin a Postscript, in which I drew up an Analysis of each of them in their order, that the general plan of the whole work, and their connection with one another, might be more accurately conceived. That short analysis is now withdrawn, being superseded by a copious and complete Commentary, which the partiality of a very ingenious and learned friend has induced him to write upon it; a work which I am persuaded will be of more utility to those readers, who wish to understand the subject, than the Poem itself will be of entertainment to that more numerous class who read merely to be entertained: For myself, as to amuse was

only a secondary motive with me when I composed the work, I freely own that I am more pleased by a species of writing which tends to elucidate the Principles of my Poem, and to develope its method, than I should have been with that more flattering, yet less useful one, which interested itself in displaying what little poetical merit it may possess.

Notwithstanding this, I am well aware that many persons will think my friend has taken much more pains than were necessary on this occasion; and I should agree with them in opinion were the Poem only, and not the Subject which it treats, in question: But I would wish them to discriminate between these two points, and that whatever they may think of the writer's condescension in commenting so largely on the one, they would give him credit for the great additional illustration which he has thrown upon the other.

Yet

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Yet as to the Poem itself, I am not without my hopes, that in this new Edition I have rendered it somewhat more worthy of the pains which its Commentator has bestowed upon it, and of that approbation which it has already obtained from a very respectable part of the public; having revised it very carefully throughout, and purged it, to the best of my abilities, of many defects in the prior editions.— That original Sin, however, which the admirers of Rhyme, and of Rhyme only, have laid to its charge, I have still ventured to retain: To this fault I must still own myself so blind, that in defence of it I shall again reprint what I said before in my former Postscript, and make it the conclusion of my present Preface.

“ When I first had the subject in contemplation, I found it admitted of two different modes of composition: One was that of the regular Didactic Poem, of which the Georgics of Virgil afford so perfect an ex-

A 3

ample;

ample; the other that of the preceptive epistolary essay, the model of which Horace has given in his Epistles *Ad Augustum* and *ad Pisones*. I balanced some time which of these I should adopt, for both had their peculiar merit. The former opened a more ample field for picturesque description and poetical embellishment; the latter was more calculated to convey exact precept in concise phrase*. The one furnished better means
of

* See Mr. Pope's account of his DESIGN in writing the Essay on Man, where the peculiar merit of that way, in which he so greatly excelled, is most happily explained. He chose, he says, "Verse, and even Rhyme, for two reasons: Verse, because precepts, so written, strike more strongly, and are retained more easily: Rhyme, because it expresses arguments or instructions more concisely than even Prose itself." As I have lately, in the Preface to my Translation of Fresnoy's Art of Painting, made use of this very reason for translating that Poem into Rhyme, some superficial readers may think that I hereby contradict myself; but the judicious critic will refer Fresnoy's Poem to HORACE'S ART OF POETRY as to its proper archetype, and rightly deem it, though not an EPISTOLARY, yet a PRECEPTIVE ESSAY.—
Whereas the present work comes under that species of
com-

of illustrating my subject, and the other of defining it; the former admitted those ornaments only which resulted from lively imagery and figurative diction; the latter seemed rather to require the seasoning of wit and satire; this, therefore, appeared best calculated to expose false taste, and that to elucidate the true. But false taste, on this subject, had been so inimitably ridiculed by Mr. Pope, in his Epistle to Lord Burlington, that it seemed to preclude all other authors (at least it precluded me) from touching it after him; and therefore, as he had left much unsaid on that part of the art on which it was my purpose principally to enlarge, I thought the didactic method not only more open, but more proper for my attempt. This matter once determined, I did not hesitate as to my choice between blank verse and rhyme; because it clearly appeared, that numbers
of

composition which has the *GEORGICS OF VIRGIL* for its original, than which no two modes of writing can be more dissimilar.

●

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of the most varied kind were most proper to illustrate a subject *whose every charm springs from variety*, and which, painting Nature as *scorning control*, should employ a versification for that end as unfettered as Nature itself. Art, at the same time, in rural improvements, pervading the province of Nature, unseen and unfelt, seemed to bear a striking analogy to that species of verse, the harmony of which results from measured quantity and varied cadence, without the too studied arrangement of final syllables, or regular return of consonant sounds. I was, notwithstanding, well aware, that by choosing to write in blank verse, I should not court popularity, because I perceived it was growing much out of vogue; but this reason, as may be supposed, did not weigh much with a writer, who meant to combat fashion in the very theme he intended to write upon; and who was also convinced that a mode of English versification, in which so many good poems, with *Paradise Lost* at their head, have been written,

ten;

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ten, could either not long continue unfashionable; or if it did, that Fashion had so completely destroyed Taste, it would not be worth any writer's while, who aimed at more than the reputation of the day, to endeavour to amuse the public."

THE



THE
ENGLISH GARDEN.

BOOK THE FIRST.

TO thee, divine SIMPLICITY! to thee,
Best arbiters of what is good and fair,
This verse belongs. O, as it freely flows,
Give it thy powers of pleasing: else in vain
It strives to teach the rules, from Nature drawn, 5
Of import high to those whose taste would add
To Nature's careless graces; loveliest then,
When, o'er her form, thy easy skill has taught
The robe of Spring in ampler folds to flow.
Haste Goddess! to the woods, the lawns, the
vales; 10
That lie in rude luxuriance, and but wait
Thy call to bloom with beauty. I meanwhile,
Attendant on thy state serene, will mark
Its faery progress; wake th' accordant string;
And

And tell how far, beyond the transient glare 15
 Of fickle fashion, or of formal art,
 Thy flowery works with charm perennial please.

Ye too, ye sister Powers ! that at my birth,
 Auspicious smil'd; and o'er my cradle drop'd
 Those magic seeds of Fancy, which produce 20
 A Poet's feeling, and a Painter's eye,
 Come to your votary's aid. For well ye know
 How soon my infant accents lisp'd the rhyme,
 How soon my hands the mimic colours spread,
 And vainly strove to snatch a double wreath 25
 From Fame's unfading laurel: fruitless aim:
 Yet not inglorious; nor perchance devoid
 Of friendly use to this fair argument;
 If so, with lenient smiles, ye deign to chear,
 At this sad hour *, my desolated soul. 30
 For deem not ye that I resume the strain
 To court the world's applause: my years mature
 Have learn'd to flight the toy. No, 'tis to sooth
 That agony of heart, which they alone,
 Who best have lov'd, who best have been belov-
 ed, 35
 Can feel, or pity: sympathy severe !
 Which she too felt, when on her pallid lip

The

* Vol. 30, Note I.



The last farewell hung trembling, and bespoke
 A wish to linger here, and bless the arms
 She left for heav'n. She died, and heav'n is
 hers ! 40

Be mine, the pensive solitary balm
 That recollection yields. Yes, Angel pure !
 While Memory holds her seat, thy image still
 Shall reign, shall triumph there ; and when, as
 now,

Imagination forms a Nymph divine 45
 To lead the fluent strain, thy modest blush,
 Thy mild demeanor, thy unpractis'd smile
 Shall grace that Nymph, and sweet Simplicity
 Be dress'd (Ah meek MARIA !) in thy charms.

Begin the Song ! and ye of Albion's sons 50
 Attend ; Ye freeborn, ye ingenuous few,
 Who heirs of competence, if not of wealth,
 Preserve that vestal purity of soul
 Whence genuine taste proceeds. To you, blest
 youths,

I sing ; whether in Academic groves 55
 Studios ye rove ; or, fraught with learning's stores,
 Visit the Latian plain, fond to transplant
 Those arts which Greece did, with her Liberty,
 Resign to Rome. Yet know, the art I sing

B

Ev'n

Ev'n there ye shall not learn. Rome knew it
not 60

While Rome was free : Ah ! hope not then to find
In slavish superstitious Rome the fair
Remains. Meanwhile, of old and classic aid
Tho' fruitless be the search, your eyes entranc'd
Shall catch those glowing scenes, that taught a
CLAUDE 65

'To grace his canvass with Hesperian hues :
And scenes like these, on Memory's tablet drawn,
Bring back to Britain ; there give local form
To each Idea ; and, if Nature lend
Materials fit of torrent, rock, and shade, 70
Produce new TIVOLIS. But learn to rein,
O Youth ! whose skill essays the arduous task,
That skill within the limit she allows.

Great Nature scorns controul : she will not bear
One beauty foreign to the spot or soil 75
She gives thee to adorn : 'tis thine alone
To mend, not change her features. Does her hand
Stretch forth a level lawn ? Ah, hope not thou
To lift the mountain there. Do mountains frown
Around ? Ah, wish not there the level lawn. 80
Yet she permits thy art, discreetly us'd,
To smooth the rugged and to swell the plain.
But dare with caution ; else expect, bold man !

The

The injur'd Genius of the place to rise
 In self-defence, and, like some giant fiend 85
 That frowns in Gothic story, swift destroy,
 By night, the puny labours of thy day.

What then must he attempt, whom niggard Fate
 Has fixt in such an inauspicious spot
 As bears no trace of beauty? must he sit 90
 Dull and inactive in the desert waste,
 If Nature there no happy feature wears
 To wake and meet his skill? Believe the Muse,
 She does not know that inauspicious spot
 Where Beauty is thus niggard of her store: 95
 Believe the Muse, thro' this terrestrial vast
 The seeds of grace are sown, profusely sown,
 Ev'n where we least may hope: the desert hills
 Will hear the call of Art; the vallies dank
 Obey her just behests, and smile with charms 100
 Congenial to the soil, and all its own.

For tell me, where's the desert? there alone
 Where man resides not; or, if 'chance resides,
 He is not there the man his Maker form'd,
 Industrious man, by heav'n's first law ordain'd 105
 To earn his food by labour. In the waste
 Place thou that man with his primæval arms,

His plough-share, and his spade ; nor shalt thou long
 Impatient wait a change ; the waste shall smile
 With yellow harvests ; what was barren heath 110
 Shall soon be verdant mead. Now let thy Art
 Exert its powers, and give, by varying lines,
 The soil, already tam'd, its finish'd grace.

Nor less obsequious to the hand of toil,
 If Fancy guide that hand, will the dank vale 115
 Receive improvement meet ; but Fancy here
 Must lead, not follow Labour ; she must tell
 In what peculiar place the soil shall rise,
 Where sink ; prescribe what form each sluice shall
 wear,

And how direct its course ; whether to spread 120
 Broad as a lake, or, as a river pent
 By fringed banks, weave its irriguous way
 Thro' lawn and shade alternate : for if She
 Preside not o'er the task, the narrow drains
 Will run in tedious parallel, or cut 125
 Each other in sharp angles ; hence implore
 Her swift assistance, ere the ruthless spade
 Too deeply wound the bosom of the soil.

Yet, in this lowly site, where all that charms
 Within itself must charm, hard is the task 130
 Impos'd

Impos'd on Fancy. Hence with idle fear !
 Is she not Fancy ? and can Fancy fail
 In sweet delusions, in concealments apt,
 And wild creative power ? She cannot fail.
 And yet, full oft, when her creative power, 135
 Her apt concealments, her delusions sweet
 Have been profusely lavish'd ; when her groves
 Have shot, with vegetative vigour strong,
 Ev'n to their wish'd maturity ; when Jove
 Has roll'd the changeful seasons o'er her lawns, 140
 And each has left a blessing as it roll'd :
 Ev'n then, perchance, some vain fastidious eye
 Shall rove unmindful of surrounding charms
 And ask for prospect. Stranger ! 'tis not here.
 Go seek it on some garish turret's height ; 145
 Seek it on Richmond's or on Windsor's brow ;
 There gazing, on the gorgeous vale below,
 Applaud alike, with fashion'd pomp of phrase,
 The good and bad, which, in profusion, there
 That gorgeous vale exhibits. Here meanwhile, 150
 Ev'n in the dull, unseen, unseeing dell,
 Thy taste contemns, shall Contemplation imp
 Her eagle plumes ; the Poet here shall hold
 Sweet converse with his Muse ; the curious Sage,
 Who comments on great Nature's ample tone, 155

Shall find that volume here. For here are caves,
 Where rise those gurgling rills, that sing the song
 Which Contemplation loves ; here shadowy glades,
 Where thro' the tremulous foliage darts the ray,
 That gilds the Poet's day-dream ; here the turf 160
 Teems with the vegetating race ; the air
 Is peopled with the insect tribes, that float
 Upon the noontide beam, and call the Sage
 To number and to name them. Nor if here
 The Painter comes, shall his enchanting art 165
 Go back without a boon : for Fancy here,
 With Nature's living colours, forms a scene
 Which R U I S D A L E best might rival : chrystal
 lakes,

O'er which the giant oak, himself a grove,
 Flings his romantic branches, and beholds 170
 His reverend image in th' expanse below.
 If distant hills be wanting, yet our eye
 Forgets the want, and with delighted gaze
 Rests on the lovely foreground ; there applauds
 The art, which, varying forms and blending
 hues, 175

Gives that harmonious force of shade and light,
 Which makes the landscape perfect. Art like this
 Is only art, all else abortive toil.

Come

Come then, thou Sister Muse, from whom the
mind

Wins for her airy visions colour, form, 180
And fixt locality, sweet Painting, come
To teach the docile pupil of my song,
How much his practice on thy aid depends.

Of Nature's various scenes the Painter culls
That for his fav'rite theme, where the fair
whole 185

Is broken into ample parts, and bold ;
Where to the eye three well-mark'd distances
Spread their peculiar colouring. Vivid green,
Warm brown, and black opaque the foreground bears
Conspicuous ; sober olive coldly marks 190

The second distance ; thence the third declines
In softer blue, or, less'ning still, is lost
In faintest purple. When thy taste is call'd
To deck a scene where Nature's self presents
All these distinct gradations, then rejoice 195

As does the Painter, and like him apply
Thy colours : plant thou on each separate part
Its proper foliage. Chief, for there thy skill
Has its chief scope, enrich with all the hues
That flowers, that shrubs, that trees can yield, the
sides 200

Of

Of that fair path, from whence our sight is led
Gradual to view the whole. Where'er thou wind'st
That path, take heed between the scene and eye,
To vary and to mix thy chosen greens.

Here for a while with cedar or with larch, 205
That from the ground spread their close texture,
hide

The view entire. Then o'er some lowly tuft,
Where rose and woodbine bloom, permit its charms
To burst upon the sight ; now thro' a copse
Of beech, that rear their smooth and stately trunks,
Admit it partially, and half exclude,

And half reveal its graces: in this path,
How long soe'er the wanderer roves, each step
~~Shake~~ wake fresh beauties; each short point present
A different picture, new, and yet the same. 215

Yet some there are who scorn this cautious rule,
And fell each tree that intercepts the scene.

O great Poussin ! O Nature's darling, CLAUDE !
What if some rash and sacrilegious hand
Tore from your canvass those umbrageous
 pines

That frown in front, and give each azure hill
The charm of contrast ! Nature suffers here

Like

Like outrage, and bewails a beauty lost,
Which Time with tardy hand shall late restore.

Yet here the spoiler rests not ; see him rise 225
Warm from his devastation, to improve,
For so he calls it, yonder champian wide.
There on each bolder brow in shapes acute
His fence he scatters ; there the Scottish fir
In murky file lifts his inglorious head, 230
And blots the fair horizon. So should art
Improve thy pencil's savage dignity,
SALVATOR ! if where, far as eye can pierce,
Rock pil'd on rock, thy Alpine heights retire,
She flung her random foliage, and disturb'd 235
The deep repose of the majestic scene.
This deed were impious. Ah, forgive the thought
Thou more than Painter, more than Poet ! HE,
Alone thy equal, who was " Fancy's child."

Does then the Song forbid the Planter's
hand 240
To clothe the distant hills, and veil with woods
Their barren summits ? No, it but forbids
All poverty of clothing. Rich the robe,
And ample let it flow, that Nature wears
On her thron'd eminence : where'er she takes 245
Her

Her horizontal march, pursue her step
 With sweeping train of forest ; hill to hill
 Unite with prodigality of shade.
 There plant thy elm, thy chesnut ; nourish there
 Those sapling oaks, which, at Britannia's call, 250
 May heave their trunks mature into the main,
 And float the bulwarks of her liberty :
 But if the fir, give it its station meet ;
 Place it an outguard to th' assailing north,
 To shield the infant scions, till possess 255
 Of native strength, they learn alike to scorn
 The blast and their protectors. Foster'd thus,
 The cradled hero gains from female care
 His future vigor ; but, that vigor felt,
 He springs indignant from his nurse's arms, 260
 Nods his terrific helmet, shakes his spear,
 And is that awful thing which heav'n ordain'd
 The scourge of tyrants, and his country's pride.

If yet thy art be dubious how to treat
 Nature's neglected features, turn thy eye 265
 To those, the masters of correct design,
 Who, from her vast variety, have cull'd
 The loveliest, boldest parts, and new arrang'd ;
 Yet, as herself approv'd, herself inspir'd.
 In their immortal works thou ne'er shalt find 270
 Dull

Dull uniformity, contrivance quaint,
 Or labour'd littleness ; but contrasts broad,
 And careless lines, whose undulating forms
 Play thro' the varied canvass : these transplant
 Again on Nature ; take thy plastic spade, 275
 It is thy pencil ; take thy seeds, thy plants,
 They are thy colours ; and by these repay
 With interest every charm she lent thy art.

Nor, while I thus to Imitation's realm
 Direct thy step, deem I direct thee wrong ; 280
 • Nor ask, why I forget great Nature's fount,
 And bring thee not the bright inspiring cup
 From her original spring ? Yet, if thou ask'st,
 Thyself shalt give the answer. Tell me why
 Did RAPHAEL steal, when his creative hand 285
 • Imag'd the Seraphim, ideal grace
 And dignity supernal from that store
 Of Attic sculpture, which the ruthless Goth
 Spar'd in his headlong fury ? Tell me this :
 And then confess that beauty best is taught 290
 By those, the favour'd few, whom Heav'n has
 lent
 The power to seize, select, and reunite
 Her loveliest features ; and of these to form
 One Archetype compleat of sovereign Grace.

Here

Here Nature sees her fairest forms more fair ; 295
 Owns them for hers, yet owns herself excell'd
 By what herself produc'd. Here Art and She
 Embrace ; connubial Juno smiles benign,
 And from the warm embrace Perfection springs.

Rouse then each latent energy of soul 300
 To clasp ideal beauty. Proteus-like,
 Think not the changeful Nymph will long
 elude
 Thy chase, or with reluctant coyness frown.
 Inspir'd by Her thy happy art shall learn
 To melt in fluent curves whate'er is straight, 305
 Acute, or parallel. For, these unchang'd,
 Nature and she disdain the formal scene.
 'Tis their demand, that ev'ry step of Rule
 Be sever'd from their sight : They own no charm
 But those that fair Variety creates, 310
 Who ever loves to undulate and sport
 In many a winding train. With equal zeal
 She, careless Goddess, scorns the cube and cone,
 As does mechanic Order hold them dear :
 Hence springs their enmity ; and he that
 hopes 315
 To reconcile the foes, as well might aim
 With hawk and dove to draw the Cyprian car.
 Such

Such sentence past, where shall the Dryads
fly

That haunt yon ancient Vista? Pity, sure,
Will spare the long cathedral isle of shade 320
In which they sojourn; Taste were sacrilege,
If, lifting there the axe, it dar'd invade
Those spreading oaks that in fraternal files
Have pair'd for centuries, and heard the strains
Of SIDNEY's, nay, perchance, of SURRY's
reed. 325

Yet must they fall, unless mechanic Skill,
To save her offspring, rouse at our command;
And, where we bid her move, with engine huge,
Each ponderous trunk, the ponderous trunk there
move.

A work of difficulty and danger try'd, 330
Nor oft successful found. But if it fails,
Thy axe must do its office. Cruel task,
Yet needful. Trust me, tho' I bid thee strike,
Reluctantly I bid thee: for my soul
Holds dear an antient oak, nothing more dear; 335
It is an antient friend. Stay then thine hand;
And try by saplings tall, discreetly plac'd
Before, between, behind, in scatter'd groups,
To break th' obdurate line. So may'st thou save

C

A chosen

A chosen few ; and yet, alas, but few 340
Of these, the old protectors of the plain.
Yet shall these few give to thy opening lawn
That shadowy pomp, which only they can give :
For parted now, in patriarchal pride,
Each tree becomes the father of a tribe ; 345
And, o'er the stripling foliage, rising round,
Towers with paternal dignity supreme.

And yet, my Albion ! in that fair domain,
Which Ocean made thy dowry, when his love
Tempestuous tore thee from reluctant Gaul, 350
And bade thee be his Queen, there still remains
Full many a lovely unfrequented wild,
Where change like this is needless ; where no
lines

Of hedge-row, avenue, or of platform square
Demand destruction. In thy fair domain, 355
Yes, my lov'd Albion! many a glade is found,
The haunt of Wood-gods only: where if Art
E'er dar'd to tread, 'twas with unsandal'd foot.
Printless, as if the place were holy ground.
And there are scenes, where, tho' she whilom
trod, 360

Led by the worst of guides, fell Tyranny,

And

And ruthless Superstition, we now trace
 Her footsteps with delight ; and pleas'd reverse
 What once had rous'd our hatred. But to Time,
 Not her, the praise is due : his gradual touch 365

Has moulder'd into beauty many a tower,
 Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,
 Was only terrible ; and many a fane
 Monastic, which, when deck'd with all its spires,
 . Serv'd but to feed some pamper'd Abbot's
 pride, 370

And awe th' unletter'd vulgar. Generous Youth,
 Whoe'er thou art that listen'st to my lay,
 And feel'st thy soul assent to what I sing,
 Happy art thou if thou can'st call thine own
 Such scenes as these : where Nature and where
 Time 375

Have work'd congenial ; where a scatter'd host
 Of antique oaks darken thy sidelong hills ;
 While, rushing thro' their branches, rifted cliffs
 Dart their white heads, and glitter thro' the gloom.
 More happy still, if one superior rock 380
 Bear on its brow the shiver'd fragment huge
 Of some old Norman fortress ; happier far,
 Ah, then most happy, if thy vale below
 Wash, with the crystal coolness of its rills,
 Some mould'ring abbey's ivy-vested wall. 385

O how unlike the scene my fancy forms,
 Did Folly, heretofore, with Wealth conspire
 To plan that formal, dull, disjointed scene,
 Which once was call'd a Garden. Britain still
 Bears on her breast full many a hideous wound 390
 Given by the cruel pair, when, borrowing aid
 From geometric skill, they vainly strove
 By line, by plummet, and unfeeling sheers,
 To form with verdure what the builder form'd
 With stone*. Egregious madness; yet pur-
 su'd 395

With pains unwearied, with expence unsumm'd,
 And science doating. Hence the sidelong walls
 Of shaven yew; the holly's prickly arms
 Trimm'd into high arcades; the tonfile box
 Wove, in mosaic mode of many a curl, 400
 Around the figur'd carpet of the lawn.
 Hence too deformities of harder cure:
 The terras mound uplifted; the long line
 Deep delv'd of flat canal; and all that toil,
 Misled by tasteless Fashion, could atchieve 405
 To mar fair Nature's lineaments divine.

Long was the night of error, nor dispell'd
 By Him that rose at learning's earliest dawn,
 Prophet

* Ver. 35, Note II.

Prophet of unborn Science. On thy realm,
 Philosophy ! his sovereign lustre spread 410
 Yet did he deign to light with casual glance
 The wilds of taste. Yes, sagest VERULAM, *
 'Twas thine to banish from the royal grove
 Each childish vanity of crisped knot
 And sculptur'd foliage ; to the lawn restore 415
 Its ample space, and bid it feast the sight
 With verdure pure, unbroken, unabridg'd :
 For Verdure soothes the eye, as roseate sweets
 The smell, or music's melting strains the ear.

So taught the Sage, taught a degenerate reign 420
 What in Eliza's golden day was taste.
 Not but the mode of that romantic age,
 The age of tourneys, triumphs and quaint masques,
 Glar'd with fantastic pageantry, which dimn'd
 The sober eye of truth, and dazzled ev'n 425
 The Sage himself ; witness his high-arch'd hedge,
 In pillar'd state by carpentry upborn,
 With colour'd mirrors deck'd and prison'd birds.
 But, when our step has pac'd his proud par-
 terres,
 And reach'd the heath, then Nature glads our
 eye 430

C 3

Sporting

* Ver. 412, Note III.

Sporting in all her lovely carelessness.

There smiles in varied tufts the velvet rose,

There flaunts the gadding woodbine, swells the
ground

In gentle hillocks, and around its sides

Thro' blossom'd shades the secret pathway steals. 435;

Thus, with a Poet's power, the Sage's pen-

Pourtray'd that nicer negligence of scene,

Which Taste approves. While He, delicious Swain,,

Who tun'd his oaten pipe by Mulla's stream,

Accordant touch'd the stops in Dorian mood ; 440

What time he 'gan to paint the fairy vale.

Where stands the Fane of Venus. Well I ween

That then, if ever, COLIN, thy fond hand

Did steep its pencil in the well-fount clear

Of true simplicity ; and " call'd in Art 445;

" Only to second Nature, and supply

" All that the Nymph forgot, or left forlorn." *

Yet what avail'd the song ? or what avail'd

Ev'n thine, Thou chief of Bards, whose mighty
mind,

With inward light irradiate, mirror-like 450.

Receiv'd, and to mankind with ray reflex

The sov'reign Planter's primal work display'd ?

That

* That work, " where not nice Art in curious
knots,

" But Nature boon pour'd forth on hill and dale

" Flowers worthy of Paradise ; while all around 455

" Umbrageous grotts, and caves of cool recess,

" And murmuring waters down the slope dispers'd,

" Or held, by fringed banks, in chrystal lakes,

" Compose a rural seat of various view."

'Twas thus great Nature's Herald blazon'd
high 460

That fair original impress, which she bore

In state sublime ; o'er miscreated Art,

Offspring of Sin and Shame, the banner seiz'd,

And with adulterate pageantry defil'd.

Yet vainly, MILTON, did thy voice proclaim 465

These her primæval honours. Still she lay

Defac'd, deflower'd, full many a ruthless year :

Alike, when Charles, the abject tool of France,

Came back to smile his subjects into slaves ;

Or Belgic William, with his warriour frown, 470

Coldly declar'd them free ; in fetters still

The Goddess pin'd, by both alike oppress'd.

Go to the Proof ! behold what TEMPLE call'd
A perfect Garden. There thou shalt not find

One

One blade of verdure, but with aching feet 475
 From terras down to terras shalt descend,
 Step following step, by tedious flight of stairs :
 On leaden platforms now the noon-day sun
 Shall scorch thee ; now the dank arcades of stone
 Shall chill thy fervour ; happy, if at length 480
 Thou reach the Orchard, where the sparing turf *
 Thro' equal lines, all centring in a point,
 Yields thee a softer tread. And yet full oft
 O'er TEMPLE's studious hour did Truth preside,
 Sprinkling her lustre o'er his classic page : 485
 There hear his candor own in fashion's spite,
 In spite of courtly dulness, hear it own
 " There is a grace in wild variety
 " Surpassing rule and order." † TEMPLE, yes,
 There is a grace ; and let eternal wreaths 490
 Adorn their brows who fixt its empire here.
 The Muse shall hail the champions that herself
 Led to the fair atchievement ‡. ADDISON,
 Thou polish'd Sage, or shall I call thee Bard,
 I see thee come : around thy temples play 495
 The lambent flames of humour, bright'ning mild
 Thy judgment into smiles ; gracious thou com'st
 With Satire at thy side, who checks her frown,

But

* Ver. 481, Note VI.

† Ver. 489, Note VII.

‡ Ver. 493, Note VII.

But not her secret sting. With bolder rage
 POPE next advances : his indignant arm 500
 Waves the poetic brand o'er Timon's shades,
 And lights them to destruction ; the fierce blaze
 Sweeps thro' each kindred Vista ; Groves to Groves*
 Nod their fraternal farewell, and expire.
 And now, elate with fair-earn'd victory, 505
 The Bard retires, and on the Bank of Thames
 Erects his flag of triumph ; wild it waves
 In verdant splendor, and beholds, and hails
 The King of Rivers, as he rolls along.
 KENT is his bold associate, KENT who felt 510
 The pencil's power : † but, fir'd with higher forms
 Of Beauty, than that pencil knew to paint,
 Work'd with the living hues that Nature lent,
 And realiz'd his Landscapes. Generous He,
 Who gave to Painting, what the wayward
 Nymph 515
 Refus'd her Votary, those Elysian scenes,
 Which would she emulate, her nicest hand
 Must all its force of light and shade employ.
 On thee too, SOUTHCOTE, shall the Muse be-
 flow
 No vulgar praise : for thou to humblest things 520
 Could'st give ennobling beauties ; deck'd by thee,
 The

* Ver. 503, Note IX.

† Ver 511, Note X.

The simple Farm eclips'd the Garden's pride,*
 Ev'n as the virgin blush of innocence,
 The harlotry of Art. Nor, SHENSTONE, thou
 Shalt pass without thy meed, thou son of peace! 525
 Who knew'st, perchance, to harmonize thy shades
 Still softer than thy song; yet was that song
 Nor rude, nor inharmonious, when attun'd
 To pastoral plaint, or tale of slighted love,
 HIM too, the living Leader of thy powers, 530
 Great Nature! him the Muse shall hail in notes
 Which antedate the praise true Genius claims
 From just Posterity: Bards yet unborn
 Shall pay to BROWN that tribute, fittest paid
 In strains, the beauty of his scenes inspire. 535

Meanwhile, ye youths! whose sympathetic souls
 Would taste those genuine charms, which faintly
 smile

In my descriptive song, O visit oft
 The finish'd scenes, that boast the forming hand
 Of these creative Genii! feel ye there 540
 What REYNOLDS felt, when first the Vatican
 Unbarr'd her gates, and to his raptur'd eye
 Gave all the godlike energy that flow'd
 From MICHAEL's pencil; feel what GARRICK felt,
 When

* See 522, Note XI.

When first he breath'd the soul of Shakespear's
page. 545

So shall your Art, if call'd to grace a scene
Yet unadorn'd, with taste instinctive give
Each grace appropriate ; to your active eye
Shall dart that glance prophetic, which awakes
The slumbring Wood-nymphs ; gladly shall they
rise 551

Oread, and Dryad, from their verdurous beds,
And fling their foliage, and arrange their stems,
As you, and beauty bid : the Naiad train,
Alike obsequious, from a thousand urns
Shall pour their crystalline tide ; while, hand in
hand, 556

Vertumnus, and Pomona bring their stores,
Fruitage, and flowers of ev'ry blush, and scent,
Each varied season yields ; to you they bring
The fragrant tribute ; ye, with generous hand
Diffuse the blessing wide, till Albion smile 560
One ample theatre of sylvan Grace.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

THE
ENGLISH GARDEN.

BOOK THE SECOND.

D

THE
ENGLISH GARDEN.

BOOK THE SECOND.

HAIL to the Art, that teaches Wealth and Pride
How to possess their wish, the world's applause,
Unmixt with blame ! that bids Magnificence
Abate its meteor glare, and learn to shine
Benevolently mild; like her, the Queen 5
Of Night, who sailing thro' autumnal skies,
Gives to the bearded product of the plain
Her ripening lustre, lingering as she rolls,
And glancing cool the salutary ray
Which fills the fields with plenty*. Hail that Art 10
Yefwains ! for, hark ! with lowings glad, your herds
Proclaim its influence, wandering o'er the lawns
Restor'd to them and Nature ; now no more
Shall Fortune's Minion rob them of their right,

D 2

Or

* Ver. 10. Note XII.

Or round his dull domain with lofty wall 15
 Oppose their jocund presence. Gothic Pomp
 Frowns and retires, his proud behests are scorn'd ;
 Now Taste inspir'd by Truth exalts her voice,
 And she is heard. " Oh, let not man misdeem ;
 " Waste is not Grandeur, Fashion ill supplies 20
 " My sacred place, and Beauty scorns to dwell
 " Where Use is exil'd." At the awful sound
 The terrace sinks spontaneous ; on the green,
 Broider'd with crisped knots, the tansie yews
 Wither and fall ; the fountain dares no more 25
 To fling its wasted crystal thro' the sky,
 But pours salubrious o'er the parched lawn
 Rills of fertility. Oh best of Arts
 That works this happy change ! true Alchymy,
 Beyond the Rosicrucian boast, that turns 30
 Deformity to grace, expence to gain,
 And pleas'd restores to Earth's maternal lap
 The long-lost fruits of AMALTHEA's horn.

When such a theme, the Poet smiles secure
 Of candid audience, and with touch assur'd 35
 Resumes his reed ASCRÆAN ; eager he
 To ply its warbling stops of various note
 In Nature's cause, that Albion's listening youths,
 Inform'd erewhile to scorn the long-drawn lines

Of

Of straight formality, alike may scorn 40
 Those quick, acute, perplex'd, and tangled paths,
 That, like the snake crush'd by the sharpen'd
 spade,

Writhe in convulsive torture, and full oft,
 Thro' many a dank and unsunn'd labyrinth,
 Mislead our step; till giddy, spent, and foil'd, 45
 We reach the point where first our race began.

These Fancy priz'd erroneous, what time Taste,
 An infant yet, first join'd her to destroy
 The measur'd platform; into false extremes
 What marvel if they stray'd, as yet unskill'd 50
 To mark the form of that peculiar curve,
 Alike averse to crooked and to straight,
 Where sweet Simplicity resides; which Grace
 And Beauty call their own; whose lambent flow
 Charms us at once with symmetry and ease. 55
 'Tis Nature's curve, instinctively she bids
 Her tribes of Being trace it. Down the slope
 Of yon wide field, see, with its gradual sweep,
 The ploughing steers their fallow ridges swell;
 The peasant, driving thro' each shadowy lane 60
 His team, that bends beneath th' incumbent weight:
 Of laughing CERES, marks it with his wheel;
 At night, and morn, the milkmaid's careless step

Has, thro' yon pasture green, from stile to stile,
 Imprest a kindred curve; the scudding hare 65
 Draws to her dew-sprent seat, o'er thymy heaths,
 A path as gently waving; mark them well;
 Compare, pronounce, that, varying but in size,
 Their forms are kindred all; go then, convinc'd
 That Art's unerring rule is only drawn 70
 From Nature's sacred source; a rule that guides
 Her ev'ry toil; or, if she shape the path,
 Or scoop the lawn, or, gradual, lift the hill.
 For not alone to that embellish'd walk,
 Which leads to ev'ry beauty of the scene, 75
 It yields a grace, but spreads its influence wide,
 Prescribes each form of thicket, copse, or wood,
 Confines the rivulet, and spreads the lake.

Yet shall this graceful line forget to please,
 If border'd close by sidelong parallels, 80
 Nor duly mixt with those opposing curves
 That give the charm of contrast. Vainly Taste
 Draws thro' the grove her path in easiest bend,
 If, on the margin of its woody sides,
 The measur'd greensward waves in kindred
 flow: 85
 Oft let the turf recede, and oft approach,
 With varied breadth, now sink into the shade,
 Now

Now to the sun its verdant bosom bare.
 As vainly wilt thou lift the gradual hill
 To meet thy right-hand view, if to the left 90
 An equal hill ascends: in this, and all
 Be various, wild, and free as Nature's self.

For in her wildness is there oft an art,
 Or seeming art, which, by position apt,
 Arranges shapes unequal, so to save 95
 That correspondent poize, which unpreserv'd
 Would mock our gaze with airy vacancy.
 Yet fair Variety with all her powers,
 Assists the Balance; 'gainst the barren crag
 She lifts the pastur'd slope; to distant hills 100
 Opposes neighb'ring shades; and, central oft,
 Relieves the flatness of the lawn, or lake,
 With studded tuft, or island. So to poize
 Her objects, mimic Art may oft attain:
 She rules the foreground; she can swell or
 sink 105
 Its surface; here her leafy screen oppose,
 And there withdraw; here part the varying greens,
 And there in one promiscuous gloom combine
 As best befits the Genius of the scene.

Him

Him then, that sov'reign Genius, Monarch
 sole 110

Who, from creation's primal day, derives
 His right divine to this his rural throne,
 Approach with meet obeisance ; at his feet
 Let our aw'd art fall prostrate. They of Ind,
 The Tartar tyrants, Tamerlane's proud race, 115
 Or they in Persia thron'd, who shake the rod
 Of power o'er myriads of enervate slaves,
 Expect not humbler homage to their pride
 Than does this sylvan Despot *. Yet to those
 Who do him loyal service, who revere 120
 His dignity, nor aim, with rebel arms,
 At lawless usurpation, is he found
 Patient and placable, receives well pleas'd
 Their tributary treasures, nor disdains
 To blend them with his own internal store. 125

Stands he in blank and desolated state,
 Where yawning crags disjointed, sharp, uncouth,
 Involve him with pale horror ? In the clefts,
 Thy welcome spade shall heap that fost'ring mould
 Whence sapling oaks may spring ; whence clust-
 'ring crouds 130
 Of early underwood shall veil their sides,

And

* Ver. 119, Note XIII.

And teach their rugged heads above the shade
 To tower in shapes romantic: Nor, around
 Their flinty roots, shall ivy spare to hang
 Its gadding tendrils, nor the moss-grown turf, 135
 With wild thyme sprinkled, there refuse to spread
 Its verdure. Awful still, yet not austere,
 The Genius stands; bold is his port, and wild,
 But not forlorn, nor savage. On some plain
 Of tedious length, say, are his flat limbs
 laid? 140
 Thy hand shall lift him from the dreary couch,
 Pillowing his head with swelling hillocks green,
 While, all around, a forest-curtain spreads
 Its waving folds, and blesses his repose.
 What, if perchance in some prolific soil, 145
 Where Vegetation strenuous, uncontroll'd,
 Has push'd her pow'rs luxuriant, he now pines
 For air and freedom? Soon thy sturdy axe,
 Amid its interwisted foliage driv'n,
 Shall open all his glades, and ingress give. 150
 To the bright darts of day; his prison'd rills,
 That darkling erept amid the rustling brakes,
 Shall glitter as they glide, and his dank caves,
 Free to salubrious Zephyrs, cease to weep.
 Meanwhile his shadowy pomp he still retains, 155
 His Dryads still attend him; they alone

Of

Of race plebeian banish'd, who to croud
Not grace his state, their boughs obtrusive flung.

But chief consult him ere thou dar'st decide
Th' appropriate bounds of Pleasure, and of
Use ; 160

For Pleasure, lawless robber, oft invades
Her neighbour's right, and turns to idle waste
Her treasures: curb her then in scanty bounds,
Whene'er the scene permits that just restraint.
The curb restrains not Beauty; sov'reign she 165

Still triumphs, still unites each subject realm,
And blesses both impartial. Why then fear
Lest, if thy fence contract the shaven lawn,
It does Her wrong? She points a thousand ways,
And each her own, to cure the needful ill. 170

Where'er it winds, and freely must it wind,
She bids, at ev'ry bend, thick-blossom'd tufts
Croud their inwoven tendrils: is there still
A void? Lo, Lebanon her Cedar lends!

Lo, all the stately progeny of Pines 175
Come, with their floating foliage richly deck'd,
To fill that void! meanwhile across the mead
The wand'ring flocks that browse between the
shades.

Seem

Seem oft to pass their bounds ; the dubious eye
Decides not if they crop the mead or lawn. 180

Browse then your fill, fond Foresters ! to you
Shall sturdy Labour quit his morning task
Well pleas'd ; nor longer o'er his useless plots
Draw through the dew the splendor of his
scythe.

He, leaning on that scythe, with carols gay 185
Salutes his fleecy substitutes, that rush
In bleating chace to their delicious task,
And, spreading o'er the plain, with eager teeth
Devour it into verdure. Browse your fill,

Fond Foresters ! the soil that you enrich 190

Shall still supply your morn and evening meal
With choicest delicates ; whether you choose

The vernal blades, that rise with seeded stem
Of hue purpureal ; or the clover white,

That in a spiked ball collects its sweet ; 195

Or trembling fescue : ev'ry fav'rite herb

Shall court your taste, ye harmless epicures !

Meanwhile permit that with unheeded step

I pass beside you, nor let idle fear

Spoil your repast, for know the lively scene, 200

That you still more enliven, to my soul

Darts inspiration, and impels the song

To

To roll in bolder descant ; while, within,
 A gleam of happiness primæval seems
 To snatch me back to joys my nature claim'd, 205
 Ere vice defil'd, ere slavery sunk the world,
 And all was faith and freedom : Then was man
 Creation's king, yet friend ; and all that browse,
 Or skim, or dive, the plain, the air, the flood,
 Paid him their liberal homage ; paid unaw'd 210
 In love accepted, sympathetic love
 That felt for all, and blest them with its smiles.
 Then, nor the curling horn had learn'd to sound
 The savage song of chace ; the barbed shaft
 Had then no poison'd point ; nor thou, fell
 tube ! 215
 Whose iron entrails hide the sulphurous blast,
 Satanic engine, knew'st the ruthless power
 Of thundering death around thee. Then alike
 Were ye innocuous thro' your ev'ry tribe,
 Or brute, or reptile ; nor by rage or guile 220
 Had giv'n to injur'd man his only plea
 (And that the tyrant's plea *) to work your
 harm.

Instinct, alas, like wayward Reason, now
 Veers from its pole. There was a golden time
 When each created being kept its sphere 225
 Appointed,

Appointed, nor infrin'd its neighbour's right.
 The flocks, to whom the grassy lawn was giv'n,
 Fed on its blades contented ; now they crush
 Each scion's tender shoots, and, at its birth,
 Destroy, what, sav'd from their remorseless
 tooth, 230

Had been the tree of Jove. Ev'n while I sing,
 Yon wanton lamb has cropt the woodbine's pride,
 That bent beneath a full-blown load of sweets,
 And fill'd the air with perfume ; see it falls ;
 The busy bees, with many a murmur sad, 235
 Hang o'er their honied loss. Why is it thus ?

Ah, why must Art defend the friendly shades
 She rear'd to shield you from the noontide beam ?
 Traitors, forbear to wound them ! say, ye fools !
 Does your rich herbage fail ? do acrid leaves 240

Afford you daintier food ? I plead in vain ;
 For now the father of the fleecy troop
 Begins his devastation, and his ewes
 Croud to the spoil, with imitative zeal.

Since then, constrain'd, we must expel the
 flock 245
 From where our saplings rise, our flow'rets bloom,
 The song shall teach, in clear preceptive notes,
 How best to frame the Fence, and best to hide

All its foreseen defects ; defective still,
 Tho' hid with happiest art. Ingrateful sure 250
 When such the theme, becomes the Poet's task :
 Yet must he try, by modulation meet
 Of varied cadence, and selected phrase,
 Exact yet free, without inflation bold,
 To dignify that theme, must try to form 255
 Such magic sympathy of sense with sound
 As pictures all it sings ; while Grace awakes
 At each blest touch, and, on the lowliest things,
 Scatters her rainbow hues.—The first and best
 Is that, which, sinking from our eye, divides, 260
 Yet seems not to divide the shaven lawn,
 And parts it from the pasture ; for if there
 Sheep feed, or dappled deer, their wandering
 teeth
 Will, smoothly as the scythe, the herbage shave,
 And leave a kindred verdure. This to keep 265
 Heed that thy labourer scoop the trench with
 care ;
 For some there are who give their spade repose,
 When broad enough the perpendicular sides
 Divide, and deep descend : To form perchance
 Some needful drain, such labour may suffice, 270
 Yet not for beauty : here thy range of wall
 Must lift its height erect, and, o'er its head

A verdant

A verdant veil of swelling turf expand,
 While smoothly from its base with gradual ease
 The pasture meets its level, at that point 275
 Which best deludes our eye, and best conceals
 Thy lawn's brief limit. Down so smooth a slope
 The fleecy foragers will gladly browse ;
 The velvet herbage free from weeds obscene
 Shall spread its equal carpet, and the trench 280
 Be pasture to its base. Thus form thy fence
 Of stone, for stone alone, and pil'd on high,
 Best curbs the nimble deer, that love to range
 Unlimited ; but where tame heifers feed,
 Or innocent sheep, an humbler mound will
 serve 285
 Unlin'd with stone, and but a green-sward trench.
 Here midway down, upon the nearer bank
 • Plant thy thick row of thorns, and, to defend
 Their infant shoots, beneath, on oaken stakes,
 Extend a rail of elm, securely arm'd 290
 With spiculated pailing, in such sort
 As, round some citadel, the engineer
 Directs his sharp stoccade. But when the shoots
 Condense, and interweave their prickly boughs
 Impenetrable, then withdraw their guard, 295
 They've done their office ; scorn thou to re-
 tain,

What frowns like military art, in scenes,
 Where Peace should smile perpetual. These def-
 troy'd,
 Make it thy vernal care, when April calls
 New shoots to birth, to trim the hedge aſlaunt, 300
 And mould it to the roundneſs of the mound,
 Itſelf a ſhelving hill ; nor need we here
 The rule or line precise, a caſual glance
 Suffices to direct the careleſs ſheers.

Yet learn, that each variety of ground 305
 Claims its peculiar barrier. When the ſoſs
 Can ſteal tranſverſe before the central eye,
 'Tis duly drawn ; but, up yon neighb'ring hill
 That fronts the lawn direct, if labour delve
 The yawning chafm, 'twill meet, not croſs our
 view ; 310
 No foliage can conceal, no curve correct
 The deep deformity. And yet thou mean'ſt
 Up yonder hill to wind thy fragrant way,
 And wiſely doſt thou mean ; for its broad eye
 Catches the ſudden charms of laughing vales, 315
 Rude rocks and headlong ſtreams, and antique oaks
 Loſt in a wild horizon ; yet the path
 That leads to all theſe charms expects defence :
 Here then ſuſpend the ſportman's hempen toils,
 And

And stretch their meshes on the light support 320
 Of hazel plants, or draw thy lines of wire
 In fivefold parallel ; no danger then
 That sheep invade thy foliage. To thy herds,
 And pastur'd steeds an opener fence oppose,
 Form'd by a triple row of cordage strong, 325
 Tight drawn the stakes between. The simple
 deer

Is curb'd by mimic snares ; the slenderest twine*
 (If Sages err not) that the Beldame spins
 When by her wintry lamp she plies her wheel,
 Arrests his courage ; his impetuous hoof, 330
 Broad chest and branching antlers nought avail ;
 In fearful gaze he stands ; the nerves that bore
 His bounding pride o'er lofty mounds of stone,
 A single thread defies. Such force has Fear,
 • When visionary Fancy wakes the fiend, 335
 In brute or man, most powerful when most vain.

Still must the Swain, who spreads these corded
 guards,
 Expect their swift decay. The noontide beams
 Relax, the nightly dews contract the twist.
 Oft too the coward hare, then only bold 340
 When mischief prompts, or wintry famine pines,

E 3

Will

* Ver. 327, Note XV.

Will quit her rush-grown form, and steal, with
ear

Up-prick'd, to gnaw the toils ; and oft the ram
And jutting steer drive their entangling horns
Thro' the frail meshes, and, by many a chasm, 345
Proclaim their hate of thraldom. Nothing brooks
Confinement, save degenerate Man alone,
Who deems a monarch's smile can gild his chains.
Tir'd then, perchance, of nets that daily claim
Thy renovating labour, thou wilt form, 350
With elm and oak, a rustic balustrade
Of firmest juncture ; happy could thy toil
Make it as fair as firm ; yet vain the wish,
Aim but to hide, not grace its formal line.

Let those, who weekly, from the city's
smoke 355
Croud to each neighb'ring hamlet, there to hold
Their dusty Sabbath, tip with gold and red
The milk-white palisades, that Gothic now,
And now Chinese, now neither, and yet both,
Chequer their trim domain. Thy sylvan scene 360
Would fade, indignant at the tawdry glare.

"This thine alone to seek what shadowy hues
Tinging thy fence may lose it in the lawn ;

And

And these to give thee Painting must descend
 Ev'n to her meanest office ; grind, compound, 365
 Compare, and by the distanced eye decide.

For this she first, with snowy ceruse, joins
 The ochr'ous atoms that chalybeate rills
 Wash from their mineral channels, as they glide,
 In flakes of earthy gold ; with these unites 370
 A tinge of blue, or that deep azure gray,
 Form'd from the calcin'd fibres of the vine ;
 And, if she blends, with sparing hand she blends
 That base metallic drug then only priz'd,
 When, aided by the humid touch of Time, 375
 It gives a Nero's or some tyrant's check,
 Its precious canker. These with fluent oil
 Attemper'd, on thy length'ning rail shall spread
 That sober olive-green which Nature wears
 Ev'n on her vernal bosom : nor misdeem, 380
 For that, illumin'd with the noontide ray,
 She boasts a brighter garment, therefore Art
 A livelier verdure to thy aid should bring.
 Know when that Art, with ev'ry varied hue,
 Portrays the living landscape ; when her hand 385
 Commands the canvass plane to glide with streams,
 To wave with foliage, or with flowers to breathe,
 Cool

Cool olive tints, in soft gradation laid,
 Create the general herbage : there alone,
 Where darts, with vivid force, the ray su-
 preme, 390
 Unfullied verdure reigns ; and tells our eye
 It stole its bright reflection from the sun.

The paint is spread ; the barrier pales retire,
 Snatch'd, as by magic, from the gazer's view.
 So, when the sable ensign of the night, 395
 Unfurld by mist-impelling Eurus, veils
 The last red radiance of declining day,
 Each scatter'd village, and each holy spire
 That deck'd the distance of the sylvan scene,
 Are sunk in sudden gloom: The plodding
 hind, 400
 That homeward hies, kens not the cheering site
 Of his calm cabin, which, a moment past,
 Stream'd from its roof an azure curl of smoke,
 Beneath the sheltering coppice, and gave sign
 Of warm domestic welcome from his toil. 405

Nor is that Cot, of which fond Fancy draws
 This casual picture, alien from our theme.
 Revisit it at morn ; its opening latch,

Tho'

Tho' Penury and Toil within reside,
 Shall pour thee forth a youthful progeny 410
 Glowing with health and beauty : (such the dower
 Of 'equal heav'n) see, how the ruddy tribe
 Throng round the threshold, and, with vacant
 gaze,

Salute thee ; call the loiterers into use,
 And form of these thy fence, the living fence 415
 That graces what it guards. Thou think'st per-
 chance,

That, skill'd in Nature's heraldry, thy art
 Has, in the limits of yon fragrant tuft,
 Marshall'd each rose, that to the eye of June
 Spreads its peculiar crimson ; do not err, 420

The loveliest still is wanting ; the fresh rose
 Of Innocence, it blossoms on their cheek,
 • And, lo, to thee they bear it ! striving all,
 In panting race, who first shall reach the lawn,
 Proud to be call'd thy shepherds. Want,
 alas ! 425

Has o'er their little limbs her livery hung,
 In many a tatter'd fold, yet still those limbs
 Are shapely ; their rude locks start from their brow,
 Yet, on that open brow, its dearest throne,
 Sits sweet Simplicity. Ah, clothe the troop 430
 In such a russet garb as best befits

Their

Their pastoral office ; let the leathern scrip
Swing at their side, tip thou their crook with
steel,

And braid their hats with rushes, then to each
Assign his station ; at the close of eve, 435

Be it their care to pen in hurdled cote
The flock, and when the matin prime returns,
Their care to set them free ; yet watching still
The liberty they lend, oft shalt thou hear
Their whistle shrill, and oft their faithful dog 440

Shall with obedient barkings fright the flock
From wrong or robbery. The livelong day

Meantime rolls lightly o'er their happy heads ;
They bask on sunny hillocks or desport

In rustic pastime, while the loveliest grace, 445

Which only lives in action unrestrain'd,
To ev'ry simple gesture lends a charm.

Pride of the year, purpureal Spring ! attend,

And, in the cheek of these sweet innocents
Behold your beauties pictur'd. As the cloud 450

That weeps its moment from thy sapphire heav'n,
They frown with causeless sorrow ; as the beam,
Gilding that cloud, with causeless mirth they
smile.

Stay, pitying Time ! prolong their vernal bliss.

Alas !

Alas ! ere we can note it in our song, 455
 Comes manhood's feverish summer, chill'd full soon
 By cold autumnal care, till wintry age
 Sinks in the froze severity of death.

Ah ! who, when such life's momentary dream,
 Would mix in hireling senates, strenuous there 460
 To crush the venal Hydra, whose fell crests
 Rise with recruited venom from the wound !
 Who, for so vain a conflict, would forego
 Thy sylvan haunt, celestial Solitude !
 Where self-improvement, crown'd with self-con-
 tent, 465

Await to bless thy votary ? Nurtur'd thus
 In tranquil groves, list'ning to Nature's voice,
 That preach'd from whispering trees, and babbling
 brooks,

A lesson seldom learnt in Reason's school,
 The wise Sidonian liv'd* : and, tho' the pest 470
 Of lawless tyranny around him rag'd;
 Tho' Strato, great alone in Persia's gold,
 Uncall'd, unhallow'd by the people's choice,
 Usurp'd the throne of his brave ancestors,
 Yet was his soul all peace ; a garden's care 475
 His only thought, its charms his only pride.

But

* Ver. 470, Note XVI.

But now the conquering arms of Macedon
 Had humbled Persia. Now Phœnicia's realm
 Receives the Son of Ammon; at whose frown
 Her tributary kings or quit their thrones, 480
 Or at his smile retain; and Sidon, now
 Freed from her tyrant, points the Victor's step
 To where her rightful Sov'reign, doubly dear
 By birth and virtue, prun'd his garden grove.

'Twas at that early hour, when now the sun 485
 Behind majestic Lebanon's dark veil
 Hid his ascending splendor; yet thro' each
 Her cedar-vested sides, his flaunting beams
 Shot to the strand, and purpled all the main,
 Where Commerce saw her Sidon's freighted
 wealth, 490
 With languid streamers, and with folded sails,
 Float in a lake of gold. The wind was hush'd;
 And, to the beach, each slowly-lifted wave,
 Creeping with silver curl, just kiss the shore,
 And slept in silence. At this tranquil hour 495
 Did Sidon's senate, and the Grecian host,
 Led by the conqueror of the world, approach
 The secret glade that veil'd the man of toil.

Now

Now near the mountain's foot the chief arriv'd,
 Where, round that glade, a pointed aloe screen, 500
 Entwin'd with myrtle, met in tangled brakes,
 That bar'd all entrance, save at one low gate,
 Whose time-disjointed arch with ivy chain'd,
 Bade stoop the warrior train. A pathway brown
 Led thro' the pass, meeting a fretful brook, 505
 And wandering near its channel, while it leapt
 O'er many a rocky fragment, where rude Art
 Had eas'd perchance, but not prescrib'd its way.

Close was the vale and shady; yet ere long
 Its forest sides retiring, left a lawn 510
 Of ample circuit, where the widening stream
 Now o'er its pebbled channel nimbly tript
 In many a lucid maze. From the flower'd verge
 Of this clear rill now stray'd the devious path,
 Amid ambrosial tufts where spicy plants, 515
 Weeping their perfum'd tears of myrrh, and nard,
 Stood crown'd with Sharon's rose; or where,
 apart,
 The patriarch Palm his load of sugar'd dates
 Shower'd plenteous; where the Fig, of standard
 strength,
 And rich Pomegranate, wrapt in dulcet pulp 520
 Their racy seeds; or where the citron's bough
 F Bent

Bent with its load of golden fruit mature.
Meanwhile the lawn beneath the scatter'd shade
Spread its serene extent ; a stately file
Of circling Cypress mark'd the distant bound. 525

Now, to the left, the path ascending pierc'd
A smaller sylvan theatre, yet deck'd
With more majestic foliage. Cedars here,
Coeval with the sky-crown'd mountain's self,
Spread wide their giant arms ; whence, from a
rock

Craggy and black, that seem'd its fountain head,
The stream fell headlong ; yet still higher rose,
Ev'n in th' eternal snows of Lebanon,
That hallow'd spring ; thence, in the porous earth
Long while ingulph'd, its crystal weight here
forc'd

Its way to light and freedom. Down it dash'd ;
A bed of native marble pure receiv'd
The new-born Naiad, and repos'd her wave,
Till with o'er-flowing pride it skim'd the lawn.

Fronting this lake there rose a solemn grot, 540
O'er which an ancient vine luxuriant flung
Its purple clusters, and beneath its roof
An unhewn altar. Rich Sabæan gums

That

That altar pil'd, and there with torch of pine
 The venerable Sage, now first deſcry'd 545
 The fragrant incenſe kindled. Age had ſhed
 That duſt of ſilver o'er his ſable locks,
 Which ſpoke his ſtrength mature beyond its prime,
 Yet vigorous ſtill, for from his healthy cheek
 Time had not cropt a roſe, or on his brow 550
 One wrinkling furrow plow'd: his eagle eye
 Had all its youthful lightning, and each limb
 The ſinewy ſtrength that toil demands, and gives.

The warrior ſaw and paus'd: his nod withheld
 The crowd at awful diſtance, where their ears,
 In mute attention, drank the Sage's prayer. 556
 " Parent of Good (he cried) behold the gifts
 " Thy humble votary brings, and may thy ſmile
 " Hallow his cuſtom'd offering. Let the hand
 " That deals in blood, with blood thy ſhrines diſ-
 " tain; 560
 " Be mine this harmleſs tribute. If it ſpeaks
 " A grateful heart, can hecatombs do more?
 " Parent of Good! they cannot. Purple Pomp
 " May call thy preſence to a prouder fane
 " Than this poor cave; but will thy preſence
 " there 565
 " Be more devoutly felt? Parent of Good!

“ It will not. Here then, shall the prostrate heart,

“ That deeply feels thy presence, lift its pray’r.

“ But what has he to ask who nothing needs,

“ Save, what unask’d, is, from thy heav’n of heav’n’s

“ Giv’n in diurnal good ? Yet, holy Power ! 571

“ Do all that call thee Father thus exult

“ In thy propitious presence ? Sidon sinks

“ Beneath a tyrant’s scourge. Parent of Good !

“ Oh free my captive country.”—Sudden here 575

He paus’d and sigh’d. And now, the raptur’d crowd

Murmur’d applause : he heard, he turn’d and saw

The King of Macedon with eager step

Burst from his warrior phalanx. From the youth,

Who bore its state, the conqueror’s own right

hand 580

Snatch’d the rich wreath, and bound it on his brow.

His swift attendants o’er his shoulders cast

The robe of empire, while the trumpet’s voice

Proclaim’d him King of Sidon. Stern he stood,

Or, if he smil’d, ’twas a contemptuous smile, 585

That held the pageant honours in disdain.

Then burst the people’s voice, in loud acclaim,

And bade him be their Father. At the word,

The honour’d blood, that warm’d him, flush’d his
cheek ;

His brow expanded ; his exalted step 590

March’d

March'd firmer ; graciously he bow'd the head,
 And was the Sire they call'd him, " Tell me,
 " King,"

Young Ammon cried, while o'er his bright'ning
 form

He cast the gaze of wonder, " how a soul
 " Like thine could bear the toils of Penury ?" 595

" Oh grant me, Gods !" he answer'd, " so to bear
 " This load of Royalty. My toil was crown'd

" With blessings lost to Kings ; yet, righteous
 " Power !

" If to my country ye transfer the boon,

" I triumph in the loss. Be mine the chains 600

" That fetter Sov'reignty ; let Sidon smile

" With, your best blessings, Liberty and Peace."

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE
ENGLISH GARDEN.

BOOK THE THIRD.

THE
ENGLISH GARDEN.

THIRD
BOOK THE ~~SECOND~~

CLOS'D is that curious ear, by Death's cold hand,
That mark'd each error of my careless strain
With kind severity ; to whom my Muse
Still lov'd to whisper, what she meant to sing
In louder accent ; to whose taste supreme 5
• She first and last appeal'd, nor wish'd for praise,
• Save when his smile was herald to her fame.
Yes, thou art gone ; yet Friendship's fault'ring
tongue

Invokes thee still ; and still, by Fancy sooth'd,
Fain would she hope her GRAY attends the call. 10
Why then, alas ! in this my fav'rite haunt,
Place I the Urn, the Bust, the sculptur'd Lyre, *
Or fix this votive tablet, fair inscrib'd.

With

* Ver. 12, Note XVII.

With numbers worthy thee, for they are thine?
 Why, if thou hear'st me still, these symbols sad 15
 Of fond memorial? Ah! my pensive soul!
 He hears me not, nor evermore shall hear
 The theme his candour, not his taste approv'd.

Oft, 'smiling as in scorn,' oft would he cry,
 "Why waste thy numbers on a trivial art, 20
 "That ill can mimic even the humblest charms
 "Of all majestic Nature?" at the word
 His eye would glisten, and his accents glow
 With all the Poet's frenzy, "Sov'reign Queen!
 "Behold, and tremble, while thou view'st her
 state 25
 "Thron'd on the heights of Skiddaw: call thy art
 "To build her such a throne; that art will feel
 "How vain her best pretensions. Trace her march
 "Amid the purple crags of Borrowdale;
 "And try like those to pile thy range of rock 30
 "In rude tumultuous chaos. See! she mounts
 "Her Naiad car, and, down Lodore's dread cliff
 "Falls many a fathom, like the headlong Bard
 "My fabling fancy plung'd in Conway's flood;
 "Yet not like him to sink in endless night: 35
 "For, on its boiling bosom, still she guides
 "Her buoyant shell, and leads the wave along;
 "Or

“ Or spreads it broad, a river, or a lake,
 “ As suits her pleasure; will thy boldest song
 “ E’er brace the sinews of enervate art 40
 “ To such dread daring? will it ev’n direct
 “ Her hand to emulate those softer charms
 “ That deck the banks of Dove, or call to birth
 “ The bare romantic craggs, and copses green,
 “ That fidelong grace her circuit, whence the
 “ rills, 45
 “ Bright in their crystal purity, descend
 “ To meet their sparkling Queen? around each
 “ fount
 “ The haw-thorns croud and knit their blossom’d
 “ sprays
 “ To keep their sources sacred. Here, even here,
 “ Thy art, each active sinew stretch’d in vain, 50
 “ Would perish in its pride. Far rather thou
 “ Confess her scanty power, correct, controul,
 “ Tell her how far, nor farther, she may go;
 “ And rein with Reason’s curb fantastic Taste.”

Yes I will hear thee, dear lamented Shade, 55
 And hold each dictate sacred. What remains
 Unfung shall to each leading rule select
 As if still guided by thy judgment sage;
 While, as still modell’d to thy curious ear,

Flow

Flow my melodious numbers; so shall praise, 60
 If aught of praise the verse I weave may claim,
 From just Posterity reward my song.

Erewhile to trace the path, to form the fence,
 To mark the destin'd limits of the lawn,
 The Muse, with measur'd step, preceptive, pac'd. 65
 Now from the surface with impatient flight
 She mounts, Sylvanus! o'er thy world of shade
 To spread her pinions. Open all thy glades,
 Greet her from all thy echoes. Orpheus-like,
 Arm'd with the spells of harmony she comes, 70
 To lead thy forests forth to lovelier haunts,
 Where Fancy waits to fix them; from the dell
 Where now they lurk she calls them to possess
 Conspicuous stations; to their varied forms
 Allots congenial place; selects, divides, 75
 And blends anew in one Elysian scene.

Yet while I thus exult, my weak tongue feels
 Its ineffectual powers, and seeks in vain
 That force of antient phrase which, speaking, paints,
 And is the thing it sings. Ah Virgil! why, 80
 By thee neglected, was this loveliest theme
 Left to the grating voice of modern reed?
 Why not array it in the splendid robe

Of

Of thy rich diction, and consign the charge
 To Fame thy hand-maid, whose immortal plume 85
 Had borne its praise beyond the bounds of Time ?

Countless is Vegetation's verdant brood
 As are the stars that stud yon cope of heaven ;
 To marshal all her tribes, in order'd file
 Generic, or specific, might demand 90
 His science, wond'rous Swede ! whose ample mind
 Like antient Tadmor's philosophic king,
 Stretch'd from the Hyssop creeping on the wall
 To Lebanon's proudest cedars. Skill like this,
 Which spans a third of Nature's copious realm, 95
 Our art requires not, sedulous alone
 To note those general properties of form,
 Dimension, growth, duration, strength, and hue,
 Then first impress, when, at the dawn of time,
 The form-deciding, life-inspiring Word 100
 Pronounc'd them into being. These prime marks
 Distinctive, docile Memory makes her own,
 That each its shadowy succour may supply
 To her wish'd purpose ; first, with needful shade,
 To veil whate'er of wall, or fence uncouth 105
 Disgusts the eye, which tyrant Use has rear'd,
 And stern Necessity forbids to change.

Lur'd by their hasty shoots, and branching stems,
 Planters there are who chuse the race of Pine
 For this great end, erroneous ; witless they 110
 That, as their arrowy heads assault the sky,
 They leave their shafts unfeather'd : rather thou
 Select the shrubs that, patient of the knife,
 Will thank thee for the wound, the hardy Thorn,
 Holly, or Box, Privet, or Pyracanth. 115
 They, thickening from their base, with tenfold
 shade
 Will soon replenish all thy judgment prun'd.

But chief, with willing aid, her glittering green
 Shall England's Laurel bring ; swift shall she spread
 Her broad-leav'd shade, and float it fair, and
 wide, 120
 Proud to be call'd an inmate of the soil.
 Let England prize this daughter of the East *
 Beyond that Latian plant, of kindred name,
 That wreath'd the head of Julius ; basely twin'd
 Its flattering foliage on the traitor's brow 125
 Who crush'd his country's freedom. Sacred tree,
 Ne'er be thy brighter verdure thus debas'd !
 Far happier thou, in this sequester'd bower,
 To shroud thy Poet, who, with fost'ring hand,
 Here

* Ver. 123, Note XVIII.

Here bade thee flourish, and with grateful strain 130
 Now chaunts the praise of thy maturer bloom.
 And happier far that Poet, if, secure
 His Hearth and Altars from the pilfering slaves
 Of Power, his little eve of lonely life
 May here steal on, blest with the heartfelt calm 135
 That competence and liberty inspire.

Nor are the plants which England calls her own
 Few, or unlovely, that, with laurel join'd,
 And kindred foliage of perennial green,
 Will form a close-knit curtain. Shrubs there are 140
 Of bolder growth, that, at the call of Spring,
 Burst forth in blossom'd fragrance : Lilacs rob'd
 In snow-white innocence, or purple pride ;
 The sweet Syringa yielding but in scent
 To the rich Orange ; or the Woodbine wild 145
 That loves to hang, on barren boughs remote,
 Her wreaths of flowery perfume. These beside
 Myriads, that here the Muse neglects to name,
 Will add a vernal lustre to thy veil.

And what if chance collects the varied tribes, 150
 Yet fear not thou but unexpected charms
 Will from their union start. But if our song
 Supply one precept here, it bids retire

Each leaf of deeper dye, and lift in front
 Foliage of paler verdure, so to spread 155
 A canvass, which when touch'd by Autumn's hand
 Shall gleam with dusky gold, or russet rays.
 But why prepare for her funereal hand
 That canvass ? she but comes to dress thy shades,
 As lovelier victims for their wintry tomb. 160
 Rather to flowery Spring, to Summer bright,
 Thy labours consecrate ; their laughing reign,
 The youth, the manhood of the growing year,
 Deserves that labour, and rewards its pain.
 Yet, heedful ever of that ruthless time 165
 When Winter shakes their stems, preserve a file
 With everduring leaf to brave his arm,
 And deepening spread their undiminish'd gloom.

But, if the tall defect demands a screen
 Of forest shade high-tow'ring, some broad roof 170
 Perchance of glaring tile that guards the stores
 Of Ceres ; or the patch'd disjointed choir
 Of some old Fane, whose steeple's Gothic pride
 Or pinnacled, or spir'd, would bolder rise
 ' In tufted trees high bosom'd,' here allot 175
 Convenient space to plant that lofty tribe
 Behind thy underwood, lest, o'er its head
 The forest tyrants shake their lordly arms,

And

And shed their baleful dews. Each plant that
springs

Holds, like the people of some free-born state, 180

Its rights fair franchis'd ; rooted to a spot

It yet has claim to air ; from liberal heav'n

It yet has claim to sunshine, and to showers :

Air, showers, and sunshine are its liberty.

That liberty secur'd, a general shade, 185

Dense and impervious, to thy wish shall rise

To hide each form uncouth ; and, this obtain'd,

What next we from the Dryad powers implore

Is Grace, is Ornament : For see ! our lawn,

Though cloth'd with softest verdure, though re-
liev'd 190

By many a gentle fall and easy swell,

Expects that harmony of light, and shade,

Which foliage only gives. Come then, ye
plants !

That, like the village troop when Maia dawns,

Delight to mingle social ; to the crest 195

Of yonder brow we safely may conduct

Your numerous train ; no eye obstructed there

Will blame your interpos'd society :

But, on the plain below, in single stems

Disparted, or in sparing groups distinct, 200

Wide must ye stand, in wild, disorder'd mood,
As if the seeds from which your scyons sprang
Had there been scatter'd from the affrighted beak
Of some maternal bird whom the fierce Hawk
Pursued with felon claw. Her young mean-
while

Callow, and cold, from their moss-woven nest
Peep forth ; they stretch their little eager throats
Broad to the wind, and plead to the lone spray
Their famish'd plaint importunately shrill.

Yet in this wild disorder Art presides, 210
 Designs, corrects and regulates the whole,
 Herself the while unseen. No Cedar broad
 Drops his dark curtain where a distant scene
 Demands distinction. Here the thin able
 Of lofty bole, and bare, the smooth-stem'd
 beech, 215

Or slender alder, give our eye free space
Beneath their boughs to catch each lessening charm
Ev'n to the far horizon's azure bound.

Nor will that sov'reign Arbitress admit,
Where'er her nod decrees a mass of shade, 220
Plants of unequal size, discordant kind,
Or rul'd by Foliation's different laws ;

But

But for that needful purpose those prefers
 Whose hues are friendly, whose coëval leaves
 The earliest open, and the latest fade. 225

Nor will she, scorning truth and taste, de-
 vote
 To strange, and alien soils, her seedling stems;
 Fix the dank fallow on the mountain's brow,
 Or, to the moss-grown margin of the lake,
 Bid the dry pine descend. From Nature's laws 230
 She draws her own: Nature and she are one.

Nor will she, led by fashion's lure, select,
 For objects interpos'd, the pigmy race
 Of shrubs, or scatter with unmeaning hand
 Their offspring o'er the lawn, scorning to
 patch 235

With many a meagre and disjointed tuft
 Its sober surface: fidealong to her path
 And polish'd foreground she confines their growth
 Where o'er their heads the liberal eye may range.

Nor will her prudence, when intent to form 240
 One perfect whole, on feeble aid depend,
 And give exotic wonders to our gaze.
 She knows and therefore fears the faithless train:
 Sagely

Sagely she calls on those of hardy class
 Indigenous, who patient of the change 245
 From heat to cold which Albion hourly feels,
 Are brac'd with strength to brave it. These alone
 She plants, and prunes, nor grieves if nicer eyes
 Pronounce them vulgar. These she calls her
 friends,
 That veteran troop who will not for a blast 250
 Of nipping air, like cowards, quit the field.

Far to the north of thy imperial towers,
 Augusta ! in that wild and Alpine vale,
 Thro' which the Swale, by mountain-torrents
 swell'd,
 Flings his redundant stream, there liv'd a youth 255
 Of polish'd manners; ample his domain,
 And fair the site of his paternal dome.
 He lov'd the art I sing; a deep adept
 In Nature's story, well he knew the names
 Of all her verdant lineage; yet that skill 260
 Miss'd his taste; scornful of every bloom
 That spreads spontaneous, from remotest Ind
 He brought his foliage; careless of its cost,
 Ev'n of its beauty careless; it was rare,
 And therefore beauteous. Now his laurel screen, 265
 With rose and woodbine negligently wove,

Bows

Bows to the axe ; the rich Magnolias claim
 The station ; now Herculean Beeches fell'd
 Resign their rights, and warm Virginia sends
 Her Cedars to usurp them ; the proud Oak 270
 Himself, ev'n He the sov'reign of the shade,
 Yields to the Fir that drips with Gilead's balm.
 Now, Albion, gaze at glories not thy own !
 Pause, rapid Swale ! and see thy margin crown'd
 With all the pride of Ganges : vernal showers 275
 Have fix'd their roots ; nutritious summer suns
 Favor'd their growth ; and mildest autumn smil'd
 Benignant o'er them : vigorous, fair and tall,
 They waft a gale of spices o'er the plain.
 But Winter comes, and with him watry Jove, 280
 And with him Boreas in his frozen shroud ;
 The savage spirit of old Swale is rous'd ;
 He howls amidst his foam. At the dread sight
 The Aliens stand aghast ; they bow their heads.
 In vain the glassy penthouse is supply'd : 285
 The pelting storm with icy bullets breaks
 Its fragile barrier ; see ! they fade, they die.

Warn'd by his error, let the Planter flight
 These shiv'ring rarities ; or if, to please
 Fastidious Fashion, he must needs allot 290
 Some

Some space for foreign foliage, let him chuse
 A sidelong glade, shelter'd from east and north,
 And free to southern and to western gales ;
 There let him fix their station, thither wind 294
 Some devious path, that, from the chief design
 Detach'd, may lead to where they safely bloom.
 So in the web of epic song sublime
 The Bard Mæonian interweaves the charm
 Of softer episode, yet leaves unbroke
 The golden thread of his majestic theme. 300

What else to shun of formal, false, or vain,
 Of long-lin'd Vistas, or plantations quaint
 Our former strain have taught. Instruction now
 Withdraws ; she knows her limits ; knows that
 Grace

Is caught by strong perception, not from rules ; 305
 That undrest Nature claims for all her limbs
 Some simple garb peculiar, which, howe'er
 Distinct their size and shape, is simple still
 This garb to chuse, with clothing dense, or
 thin,

A part to hide, another to adorn, 310
 Is Taste's important task ; preceptive song
 From error in the choice can only warn.

But

But vain that warning voice ; vain ev'ry aid
 Of Genius, Judgment, Fancy, to secure
 The Planter's lasting fame : There is a power, 315
 A hidden power, at once his friend, and foe :
 'Tis Vegetation. Gradual to his groves
 She gives their wish'd effect ; and, that display'd,
 Oh, that her power would pause ! but active still,
 She swells each stem, prolongs each vagrant bough,
 And darts with unremitting vigour bold 321
 From Grace to wild luxuriance. Happier far
 Are you, ye sons of CLAUDE ! who, from the
 mine,

The earth, or juice of herb or flower concrete,
 Mingle the mass whence your Arcadias spring : 325
 The beauteous outline of your pictur'd shades
 Still keeps the bound you gave it ; Time that pales
 Your vivid hues, respects your pleasing forms.
 • Not so our Landscapes : though we paint like you,
 We paint with growing colours ; ev'ry year, 330
 O'erpassing that which gives the breadth of shade
 We fought, by rude addition mars our scene.

Rouse then, ye Hinds ! ere yet yon closing
 boughs
 Blot out the purple distance, swift prevent
 The spreading evil : thin the crouded glades, 335
 While

While yet of slender size each stem will thrive
 Transplanted: Twice repeat the annual toil;
 Nor let the axe its beak, the saw its tooth
 Refrain, whene'er some random branch has stray'd
 Beyond the bounds of beauty; else full soon, 340
 Ev'n ere the Planter's life has past its prime,
 Will Albion's garden frown an Indian wild.

Foreboding Fears, avaunt! be ours to urge
 Each present purpose by what favoring means
 May work its end design'd; why deprecate 345
 The change that waits on sublunary things,
 Sad lot of their existence? shall we pause
 To give the charm of Water to our scene,
 For that the congregated rains may swell
 Its tide into a flood? or that yon Sun, 350
 Now on the Lion mounted, to his noon
 Impels him, shaking from his fiery mane
 A heat may parch its channel? O, ye caves,
 Deepen your dripping roofs! this feverish hour *
 Claims all your coolness; in your humid cells 355
 Permit me to forget the Planter's toil;
 And, while I woo your Naiads to my aid,
 Involve me in impenetrable gloom.

Blest

* Ver. 354, Note XIX.

Blest is the Man (if bliss be human boast)
 Whose fertile soil is wash'd with frequent
 streams, 360

And springs salubrious. He disdains to toss
 In rainbow dews their crystal to the sun ;
 Or sink in subterranean cisterns deep ;
 That so, through leaden siphons upward drawn,
 Those streams may leap fantastic. He his ear 365
 Shuts to the tuneful trifling of the Bard, *
 Who trick'd a gothic theme with classic flowers,
 And sung of Fountains bursting from the shells
 Of brazen Tritons, spouting through the jaws
 ' Of Gorgons, Hydras, and Chimæras dire.' 370

Peace to his Manes ! let the Nymphs of Seine
 Cherish his fame. Thy Poet, Albion ! scorns,
 Ev'n for a cold unconscious element
 To forge the fetters he would scorn to wear.
 His song shall reprobate each effort vile, 375
 That aims to force the Genius of the stream
 Beyond his native height ; or dares to press
 Above that destin'd line th' unwilling wave.

Is there within the circle of thy view
 Some sedgy flat, where the late-ripen'd sheaves 380

H

Stand

* Ver. 365, Note X.

Stand brown with unblest mildew ? 'tis the bed
 On which an ample lake in crystal peace
 Might sleep majestic. Pause we yet ; perchance
 Some midway channel, where the soil declines,
 Might there be delv'd, by levels duly led 385
 In bold and broken curves : for water loves
 A wilder outline than the woodland path,
 And winds with shorter bend. * To drain the rest
 The shelving spade may toil, till wintry showers
 Find their free course down each declining bank. 390
 Quit then the thought : a River's winding form,
 With many a sinuous bay, and Island green,
 At less expence of labour and of land,
 Will give thee equal beauty : seldom art
 Can emulate that broad and bold extent 395
 Which charms in native Lakes ; and, failing
 there,

Her works betray their character, and name,
 And dwindle into pools. Not that our strain,
 Fastidious, shall disdain a small expanse
 Of stagnant fluid, in some scene confin'd, 400
 Circled with varied shade, where, thro' the leaves,
 The half-admitted sunbeam trembling plays
 On its clear bosom ; where aquatic fowl
 Of varied tribe, and varied feather sail ;

And

* Ver 387, Note XXI.

And where the finny race their glittering scales 405
 Unwillingly reveal : There, there alone,
 Where bursts the general prospect on our eye,
 We scorn these wat'ry patches : Thames him-
 self,
 Seen in disjointed spots, where Sallows hide
 His first bold presence, seems a string of pools : 410
 A chart and compass must explain his course.

He, who would seize the River's sov'reign
 charm,
 Must wind the moving mirror through his lawn
 Ev'n to remotest distance ; deep must delve
 The gravelly channel that prescribes its course ; 415
 Closely conceal each terminating bound
 By hill or shade oppos'd ; and to its bank
 Lifting the level of the copious stream,
 Must there retain it. But, if thy faint springs
 Refuse this large supply, steel thy firm soul 420
 With stoic pride ; imperfect charms despise :
 Beauty, like Virtue, knows no groveling mean.

Who but must pity that penurious taste,
 Which down the quick-descending vale prolongs,
 Slope below slope, a stiff and unlink'd chain 425

Of flat canals ; then leads the stranger's eye
 To some predestin'd station, there to catch
 Their seeming union, and the fraud approve ?
 Who but must change that pity into scorn,
 If down each verdant slope a narrow flight 430
 Of central steps decline, where the spare stream
 Steals trickling ; or, withheld by cunning skill,
 Hoards its scant treasures, till the master's nod
 Decree its fall : Then down the formal stairs
 It leaps with short-liv'd fury ; wasting there, 435
 Poor prodigal ! what many a Summer's rain
 And many a Winter's snow shall late restore.

Learn that, whene'er in some sublimer scene
 Imperial Nature of her headlong floods
 Permits our imitation, she herself 440
 Prepares their reservoir ; conceal'd perchance
 In neighb'ring hills, where first it well behoves
 Our toil to search, and studiously augment
 The wat'ry store with springs and sluices drawn
 From pools, that on the heath drink up the
 rain. 445

Be these collected, like the Miser's gold,
 In one increasing fund, nor dare to pour,

Down

Down thy impending mound, the bright cascade,
Till richly sure of its redundant fall.

That mound to raise alike demands thy toil, 450
Ere Art adorn its surface. Here adopt
That facile mode which his inventive powers *
First plann'd who led to rich Mancunium's mart
His long-drawn line of navigated stream.
Stupendous task ! in vain stood tow'ring hills 455
Oppos'd ; in vain did ample Irwell pour
Her Tide transverse : he pierc'd the tow'ring hill,
He bridg'd the ample tide, and high in air,
And deep through earth his freighted barge he
bore.

This mode shall temper ev'n the lightest soil 460
Firm to thy purpose. Then let Taste select
The unhewn fragments, that may give its front
A rocky rudeness ; pointed some, that there
The frothy spouts may break ; some flaunting
smooth,

That there in silver sheet the wave may slide. 465
Here too infix some moss-grown trunks of oak
Romantic, turn'd by gelid lakes to stone,
Yet so dispos'd as if they owed their change

H 3

To

* Ver. 452, Note XXII.

To what they now controul. Then open wide
 Thy floodgates; then let down thy torrent:
 then

470

Rejoice; as if the thund'ring Tees* himself
 Reign'd there amid his cataracts sublime.

And thou hast cause for triumph! Kings them-
 selves,

With all a nation's wealth, an army's toil,
 If Nature frown averse, shall ne'er atchieve 475
 Such wonders: Nature's was the glorious gift;
 Thy art her menial handmaid. Listening youths!!
 To whose ingenuous hearts I still address
 The friendly strain, from such severe attempt
 Let Prudence warn you. Turn to this clear rill, 480
 Which, while I bid your bold ambition cease,
 Runs murmuring at my side: O'er many a rood
 Your skill may lead the wanderer; many a mound
 Of pebbles raise, to fret her in her course
 Impatient: louder then will be her song: 485
 For she will 'plain, and gurgle, as she goes,
 As does the widow'd ring-dove. Take, vain Pomp!
 Thy lakes, thy long canals, thy trim cascades,
 Beyond them all true taste will dearly prize
 This little dimpling treasure. Mark the cleft, 490
 Through

* Ver. 471, Note XXIII.

Through which she bursts to day. Behind that rock
A Naiad dwells : LINEIA is her name ; *

And she has sisters in contiguous cells,
Who never saw the sun. Fond Fancy's eye,
That inly gives locality and form 495

To what she prizes best, full oft pervades
Those hidden caverns, where pale chrysolites,
And glittering spars dart a mysterious gleam
Of inborn lustre, from the garish day
Unborrow'd. There, by the wild Goddess
led, 500

Oft have I seen them bending o'er their urns,
Chaunting alternâte airs of Dorian mood,
While smooth they comb'd their moist cerulean locks
With shells of living pearl. Yet, let me own,
To these, or classic deities like these, 505

From very childhood was I prone to pay
Harmless idolatry. My infant eyes
First open'd on that bleak and boist'rous shore,
Where Humber weds the nymphs of Trent and

Quæd, 510
To His, and Ocean's Tritons : thence full soon
My youth retir'd, and left the busy strand
To Commerce and to Care. In Margaret's grove, †
Beneath whose time-worn shade old Camus sleeps,

Was

* Ver. 452, Note XXIV.—† Ver. 512, Note XXV.

Was next my tranquil station : Science there
 Sat musing ; and to those that lov'd the lore 515
 Pointed, with mystic wand, to truths involv'd
 In geometric symbols, scorning those,
 Perchance too much, who woo'd the thriftless muse.
 Here, though in warbling whisper oft I breath'd
 The lay, were wanting, what young Fancy
 deems 520

The life-springs of her being, rocks, and caves,
 And huddling brooks and torrent-falls divine.
 In quest of these, at Summer's vacant hour,
 Pleas'd would I stray, when in a northern vale,
 So chance ordain'd, a Naiad sad I found 525
 Robb'd of her silver vase ; I sooth'd the nymph
 With song of sympathy, and curst the fiend
 Who stole the gift of Thetis *. Hence the cause
 Why, favour'd by the blue-ey'd sisterhood,
 They sooth with songs my solitary ear. 530

Nor is LINEIA silent—"Long," she cries,
 "Too long has Man wag'd sacrilegious war
 "With the vext elements, and chief with that,
 "Which elder Thales, and the Bard of Thebes
 "Held first of things terrestrial ; nor misdeem'd : 535
 "For, when the Spirit creative deign'd to move,
 "He

*. Ver. 533, Note XXVI.

" He mov'd upon the waters. O revere
 " Our power : for were its vital force withheld,
 " Where then are Vegetation's vernal bloom,
 " Where its autumnal Wealth ? but we are
 kind 540

" As powerful ; O let reverence lead to love,
 " And both to emulation ! Not a rill,
 " That winds its sparkling current o'er the plain,
 " Reflecting to the Sun bright recompense
 " For ev'ry beam he leads, but reads thy soul 545

" A generous lecture. Not a pansy pale,
 " That drinks its daily nurture from that rill,
 " But breathes in fragrant accents to thy soul,
 " So by thy pity chear'd, the languish'd head
 ' Of Poverty might smile.' Who e'er beheld 550

" Our humble train forsake their native vale
 " To climb the haughty hill ? Ambition speak !
 " He blushes, and is mute. When did our streams,
 " By force unpent, in dull stagnation sleep ?
 " Let Sloth unfold his arms and tell the time. 555

" Or, if the tyranny of Art infring'd
 " Our rights, when did our patient floods submit
 " Without recoil ? Servility retires,
 " And clinks his gilded chain. O, learn from us,
 " And tell it to thy Nation, British Bard ! 560
 " Uncurb'd Ambition, unresisting Sloth,

" And

" And base Dependence are the fiends accurst
 " That pull down mighty empires. If they scorn
 " The awful truth, be thine to hold it dear.
 " So, through the vale of life, thy flowing
 hours 565
 " Shall glide serene ; and, like LINEIA's rill,
 " Their free, yet not licentious course fulfill'd,
 " Sink in the Ocean of Eternity."

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE

THE
ENGLISH GARDEN.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE ENGLISH GARDEN

BOOK THE SECOND

THE
ENGLISH GARDEN.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

NOR yet, divine SIMPLICITY, withdraw
That aid auspicious, which, in Art's domain,
Already has reform'd whate'er prevail'd
Of foreign, or of false ; has led the curve
That Nature loves thro' all her sylvan haunts ; 5
Has stol'n the fence unnotic'd that arrests
Her vagrant herds ; giv'n lustre to her lawns,
Gloom to her groves, and, in expanse serene,
Devolv'd that wat'ry mirror at her foot,
O'er which she loves to bend and view her charms. 10

And tell me Thou, whoe'er hast new-arrang'd
By her chaste rules thy garden, if thy heart

I

Feels

Feels not the warm, the self-dilating glow
 Of true Benevolence. Thy flocks, thy herds,
 That browse luxurious o'er those very plots 15
 Which once were barren, blest thee for the change ;
 The birds of Air (which thy funereal Yews
 Of shape uncouth, and leaden Sons of Earth,
 Antæus and Enceladus, with clubs
 Uplifted, long had frightened from the scene) 20
 Now pleas'd return, they perch on ev'ry spray,
 And swell their little throats, and warble wild
 Their vernal minstrelsy ; to Heav'n and Thee
 It is a hymn of thanks : do thou, like Heav'n,
 With tutelary care reward their song. 25

Ere-while the Muse, industrious to combine
 Nature's own charms, with these alone adorn'd
 The Genius of the Scene ; but other gifts
 She has in store, which gladly now she brings,
 And he shall proudly wear. Know, when she
 broke 30

The spells of Fashion, from the crumbling wreck
 Of her enchantments sagely did she cull
 Those reliques rich of old Vitruvian skill,
 With what the Sculptor's hand in classic days
 Made breathe in Brass or Marble ; these the Hag 35
 Had purloin'd, and dispos'd in Folly's fane ;

To

To him these trophies of her victory
 She bears ; and where his awful nod ordains
 Conspicuous means to place. He shall direct
 Her dubious judgment, from the various hoard 40
 Of ornamental treasures, how to chuse
 The simplest and the best ; on these his seal
 Shall stamp great Nature's image and his own,
 To charm for unborn ages.—Fling the rest
 Back to the Beldame, bid her whirl them all 45
 In her vain vortex, lift them now to-day,
 Now plunge in night, as, thro' the humid rack
 Of April cloud, swift flits the trembling beam.

But precepts tire, and this fastidious Age
 Rejects the strain didactic : Try we then 50
 In livelier Narrative the truths to veil
 We dare not dictate. Sons of Albion, hear !
 The tale I tell is full of strange event,
 And piteous circumstance ; yet deem not ye,
 If names I feign, that therefore facts are feign'd : 55
 Nor hence refuse (what most augments the charm
 Of storied woe) that fond credulity
 Which binds th' attentive soul in closer chains.

At manhood's prime ALCANDER's duteous tear
 Fell on his Father's grave. The fair Domain, 60

Which then became his ample heritage,
 That Father had reform'd ; each line destroy'd
 Which Belgic dulness plann'd ; and Nature's self
 Restor'd to all the rights she wish'd to claim.

Crowning a gradual hill his Mansion rose 65
 In antient English grandeur : 'Turrets, Spires,
 And Windows, climbing high from base to roof
 In wide and radiant rows, bespoke its birth
 Coeval with those rich cathedral fanes,

(Gothic ill-nam'd) where harmony results 70

From disunited parts ; and shapes minute,
 At once distinct and blended, boldly form
 One vast majestic whole. No modern art
 Had marr'd with misplac'd fymmetry the Pile.

ALCANDER held it sacred : On a height, 75

Which westering to its site the front survey'd,
 He first his taste employ'd : for there a line
 Of thinly scatter'd Beech too tamely broke
 The blank Horizon. “ Draw we round you,
 knowl,”

ALCANDER cry'd, “ in stately Norman mode, 80

“ A wall embattled ; and within its guard

“ Let every structure needful for a Farm

“ Arise in Castle-semblance ; the huge Barn

“ Shall with a mock Portcullis arm the gate,

“ Where

" Where Ceres entering, o'er the flail-proof floor 85
 " In golden triumph rides; some Tower rotund
 " Shall to the Pigeons and their callow young
 " Safe roost afford; and ev'ry buttress broad,
 " Whose proud projection seems a mass of stone,
 " Give space to stall the heifer, and the steed. 90
 " So shall each part, tho' turn'd to rural use,
 " Deceive the eye with those bold feudal forms
 " That Fancy loves to gaze on." This atch-
 iev'd

Now nearer home he calls returning Art
 To hide the structure rude where Winter pounds 95
 In conic pit his congelations hoar,
 That Summer may his tepid beverage cool
 With the chill luxury; his Dairy too
 There stands of form unsightly: both to veil,
 He builds of old disjointed moss-grown stone 100
 A time-struck Abbey*. An impending grove
 Screens it behind with reverential shade;
 While bright in front the stream reflecting spreads,
 Which winds a mimic River o'er his Lawn.
 The Fane conventual there is dimly seen, 105
 The mitred Window, and the Cloister pale,
 With many a mouldering Column; Ivy soon

I 3

Round

* Ver. 101, Note XXVII.

Round the rude chinks her net of foliage spreads;
Its verdant meshes seem to prop the wall.

One native Glory, more than all sublime, 110
ALCANDER's scene possess: 'Twas Ocean's self—
He, boist'rous King, against the eastern cliffs
Dash'd his white foam; a verdant vale between
Gave splendid ingress to his world of waves.
Slaunting this vale the mound of that clear
stream 115

Lay hid in shade, which slowly lav'd his Lawn:
But there set free, the rill resum'd its pace,
And hurried to the Main. The dell it past,
Was rocky and retir'd: Here Art with ease
Might lead it o'er a Grot, and filter'd there, 120
Teach it to sparkle down its craggy sides,
And fall and tinkle on its pebbled floor.
Here then that Grot he builds, and conchs with
spars,

Moss petrified with branching corallines
In mingled mode arranges: All found here 125
Propriety of place; what view'd the Main
Might well the shelly gifts of Thetis bear.
Not so the inland cave: with richer store
'Than those the neighb'ring mines and mountains
yield

To

To hang its roof, would seem incongruous Pride, 130
And fright the local Genius from the scene. *

One vernal morn, as urging here the work
Surrounded by his hinds, from mild to cold
The Season chang'd, from cold to sudden storm,
From storm to whirlwind. To the angry main 135
Swiftly he turns and sees a laden Ship
Dismasted by its rage. " Hie, hie we all,"
ALCANDER cry'd, " quick to the neighb'ring
beach."

They flew; they came, but only to behold,
Tremendous fight! the Vessel dash its poop 140
Amid the boiling breakers. Need I tell
What strenuous Arts were us'd, when all were us'd,
To save the sinking Crew? One tender Maid
Alone escap'd, sav'd by ALCANDER's arm,
Who boldly swam to snatch her from the plank 145
To which she feebly clung; swiftly to shore,
And swifter to his home the youth convey'd
His clay-cold prize, who at his portal first
By one deep sigh a sign of Life betray'd.

A Maid so sav'd, if but by Nature blest 150
With common charms, had soon awak'd a flame
More strong than Pity, in that melting heart
Which Pity warm'd before. But she was fair

As

* Ver. 131, Note XXVIII.

As Poets picture Hebe, or the Spring ;
 Graceful withal, as if each limb were cast 155
 In that ideal mould whence RAPHAEL drew
 His Galatea* : Yes, th' impassion'd Youth
 Felt more than pity when he view'd her charms.
 Yet she, (ah, strange to tell) tho' much he lov'd,
 Suppress'd as much that sympathetic flame 160
 Which Love like his should kindle : Did he kneel
 In rapture at her feet ? she bow'd the head,
 And coldly bade him rise ; or did he plead,
 In terms of purest passion, for a smile ?
 She gave him but a tear : his manly form, 165
 His virtues, ev'n the courage that preserv'd
 Her life, bescem'd no sentiment to wake
 Warmer than gratitude ; and yet the love
 With-held from him she freely gave his scenes ;
 On all their charms a just applause bestow'd ; 170
 And, if she e'er was happy, only then
 When wand'ring where those charms were most
 display'd.

As thro' a neighb'ring Grove, where antient beech
 Their awful foliage flung, ALCANDER led
 The pensive maid along, "Tell me," she cry'd, 175
 " Why, on these forest features all-intent,
 " For-

* Ver. 157, Note XXIX.

" Forbears my friend some scene distinct to give
 " To Flora and her fragrance ? Well I know
 " That in the general Landscape's broad expanse
 " Their little blooms are lost ; but here are
 glades, 180

" Circled with shade, yet pervious to the sun,
 " Where, if enamell'd with their rainbow-hues,
 " The eye would catch their splendor : turn thy
 Taste,

" Ev'n in this grassy circle where we stand,
 " To form their plots ; there weave a woodbine
 Bower, 185

" And call that Bower NERINA's. At the word
 ALCANDER smil'd ; his fancy instant form'd
 The fragrant scene she wish'd ; and Love, with Art
 Uniting, soon produc'd the finish'd whole.

• Down to the South the glade by Nature lean'd ; 190
 Art form'd the slope still softer, opening there
 Its foliage, and to each Etesian gale
 Admittance free dispensing ; thickest shade
 Guarded the rest.—His taste will best conceive
 The new arrangement, whose free footsteps, us'd 195
 To forest haunts, have pierc'd their opening dells,
 Where frequent tufts of sweetbriar, box, or thorn,
 Steal on the green sward, but admit fair space
 For many a mossy maze to wind between.

So.

So here did Art arrange her flow'ry groups 200
 Irregular, yet not in patches quaint *,
 But interpos'd between the wand'ring lines
 Of shaven turf which twisted to the path,
 Gravel or sand, that in as wild a wave
 Stole round the verdant limits of the scene ; 205
 Leading the Eye to many a sculptur'd bust
 On shapely pedestal, of Sage, or Bard,
 Bright heirs of fame, who living lov'd the haunts
 So fragrant, so sequester'd. Many an Urn
 There too had place, with votive lay in'crib'd 210
 To Freedom, Friendship, Solitude, or Love.

And now each flower that bears transplanting
 change,

Or blooms indigenous, adorn'd the scene :
 Only NERINA's wish, her woodbine bower,
 Remain'd to crown the whole. Here, far beyond 215
 That humble wish, her Lover's Genius form'd
 A glittering Fane, where rare and alien plants
 Might safely flourish † ; where the Citron sweet,
 And fragrant Orange, rich in fruit and flowers,
 Might hang their silver stars, their golden globes, 220
 On the same odorous stem : Yet scorning there
 The glassy penthouse of ignoble form,

High

* Ver. 201, Note XXX.

† Ver. 218, Note XXXI.

High on Ionic shafts he bade it tower
 A proud Rotunda ; to its sides conjoin'd
 Two broad Piazzas in theatric curve, 225
 Ending in equal Porticos sublime.
 Glass roost the whole, and sidelong to the South
 'Twixt ev'ry fluted Column, lightly rear'd
 Its wall pellucid. All within was day,
 Was genial Summer's day, for secret stoves, 230
 Thro' all the pile solstitial warmth convey'd.

These led thro' isles of Fragrance to the Dome,
 Each way in circling quadrant. That bright space
 Guarded the spicy tribes from Afric's shore,
 Or Ind, or Araby, Sabæan Plants 235
 Weeping with nard, and balsam. In the midst
 A Statue stood, the work of Attic Art ;
 Its thin light drapery, cast in fluid folds,
 Proclaim'd its antientry ; all save the head,
 Which stole (for Love is prone to gentle thefts) 240
 The features of NERINA ; yet that head,
 So perfect in resemblance as its air
 So tenderly impassion'd ; to the trunk,
 Which Grecian skill had form'd, so aptly join'd,
 PHIDIAS himself might seem to have inspir'd 245
 The chissel, brib'd to do the am'rous fraud.
 One graceful hand held forth a flow'ry wreath,
 The

The other prest her zone ; whlle round the base
 Dolphins, and Triton shells, and plants marine
 Proclaim'd, that Venus, rising from the sea, 250
 Had veil'd in Flora's modest vest her charms.

Such was the Fane, and such the Deity
 Who seem'd, with smile auspicious, to inhale
 That incense which a tributary world
 From all its regions round her altar breath'd : 255
 And yet, when to the shrine ALCANDER* led
 His living Goddess, only with a sigh,
 And starting tear, the statue and the dome
 Reluctantly she view'd. And " why," she cry'd,
 " Why would my best Preserver here erect, 260
 " With all the fond idolatry of Love,
 " A Wretch's image whom his Pride should scorn,
 " (For so his Country bids him) ? Drive me hence,
 " Transport me quick to Gallia's hostile shore,
 " Hostile to thee, yet not, alas ! to her, 265
 " Who there was meant to sojourn : there per-
 " chance,
 " My Father, waisted by more prosp'rous gales,
 " Now mourns his Daughter lost ; my Brother there
 " Perhaps now sooths that venerable age
 " He should not sooth alone. Vain thought ! per-
 " chance

270

Both

“ Both perish’d at Esopus—do not blush,
 “ It was not thou that lit the ruthless flame ;
 “ It was not thou, that, like remorseless Cain,
 “ Thirsted for Brother’s blood: thy heart disdains
 “ The savage imputation. Rest thee there, 275
 “ And, tho’ thou pitiest, yet forbear to grace,
 “ A wretched Alien, and a Rebel deem’d,
 “ With honors ill-beseeming her to claim.
 “ My wish, thou know’st, was humble as my
 state;
 “ I only begg’d a little woodbine bower, 280
 “ Where I might sit and weep, while all around
 “ The lilies and the blue bells hung their heads
 “ In seeming sympathy.” “ Does then the scene
 “ Displease ?” the disappointed lover cry’d ;
 “ Alas ! too much it pleases,” sigh’d the fair ; 285
 “ Too strongly paints the passion which stern
 Fate
 “ Forbids me to return.” “ Dost thou then love
 “ Some happier youth ?” “ No, tell thy generous
 “ soul
 “ Indeed I do not.” More she would have said,
 But gushing grief prevented. From the Fane 290
 Silent he led her ; as from Eden’s bower
 The Sire of Men his weeping Partner led,
 Less lovely, and less innocent than she.

Yet still ALCANDER hop'd what last she sigh'd
Spoke more than gratitude; the War might
end; 295

Her Father might consent; for that alone
Now seem'd the duteous barrier to his bliss.
Already had he sent a faithful friend
To learn if France the reverend Exile held:
That friend return'd not. Meanwhile ev'ry sun 300
Which now (a year elaps'd) diurnal rose
Beheld her still more pensive; inward Pangs,
From grief's concealment, hourly seem'd to force
Health from her cheek, and Quiet from her soul.
ALCANDER mourn'd the change, yet still he
hop'd; 305

For Love to Hope his flickering taper lends,
When Reason with his steady torch retires:
Hence did he try by ever-varying arts,
And scenes of novel charm her grief to calm.

Nor did he not employ the Syren Powers 310
Of Music and of Song; or Painting, thine,
Sweet source of pure delight! But I record
Those arts alone, which form my sylvan theme.

[At stated hours, full oft had he observ'd,
She fed with welcome grain the household fowl 315
That

That trespass on his lawn ; this wak'd a wish
 To give her feather'd fav'rites space of land,
 And lake appropriate : in a neighb'ring copse
 He plann'd the scene ; for there the crystal spring,
 That form'd his river, from a rocky cleft 320
 First bubbling broke to day ; and spreading there
 Slept on its rushes. " Here my delving hinds,"
 He cry'd, " shall soon the marshy soil remove,
 " And spread, in brief extent, a glittering Lake
 " Chequer'd with isles of verdure ; on yon Rock 325
 " A sculptur'd River-God shall rest his urn ;
 " And thro' that urn the native fountain flow.
 " Thy wish'd-for bower, NERINA, shall adorn
 " The southern bank ; the downy race, that
 " swim
 " The lake, or pace the shore, with livelier
 " charms, 330
 " Yet no less rural, here will meet thy glance,
 " Than flowers inanimate." Full soon was scoopt
 The wat'ry bed, and soon, by margin green,
 And rising banks, inclos'd ; the highest gave
 Site to a rustic fabric, shelving deep 335
 Within the thicket, and in front compos'd
 Of three unequal arches, lowly all
 The surer to expel the noontide glare,
 Yet yielding liberal inlet to the scene ;

Woodbine with jasmine carelessly entwin'd 340
 Conceal'd the needful masonry, and hung
 In free festoons, and vested all the cell.

Hence did the lake, the islands, and the rock,
 A living landscape spread ; the feather'd fleet,
 Led by two mantling swans, at ev'ry creek 345
 Now touch'd, and now unmoor'd ; now on full
 sail,

With pennons spread and oary feet they ply'd
 Their vagrant voyage ; and now, as if becalm'd,
 'Tween shore and shore at anchor seem'd to sleep.
 Around those shores the Fowl that fear the stream 350
 At random rove : hither hot Guinea sends
 Her gadding troop ; here midst his speckled Dames
 The pigmy Chanticleer of Bantam winds
 His clarion ; while, supreme in glittering state,
 The Peacock spreads his rainbow train, with eyes 355
 Of sapphire bright, irradiate each with gold.
 Mean-while from ev'ry spray the Ringdoves coo,
 The Linnets warble, captive none *, but lur'd
 By food to haunt the umbrage : all the Glade
 Is Life, is Music, Liberty, and Love. 360

And is there now to Pleasure or to Use
 One scene devoted in the wide domain

Its

* Ver. 358, Note XXXII.

Its Master has not polish'd ? Rumour spreads
 Its praises far, and many a stranger stops
 With curious eye to censure or admire. 365
 To all his Lawns are pervious ; oft himself
 With courteous greeting will the critic hail,
 And join him in the circuit. Give we here
 (If Candour will with patient ear attend)
 The social dialogue ALCANDER held 370
 With one, a youth of mild yet manly mein,
 Who seem'd to taste the beauties he survey'd.

“ Little, I fear me, will a stranger’s eye
 “ Find here to praise, where rich Vitruvian
 “ Art
 “ Has rear’d no temples, no triumphal arcs ; 375
 “ Where no Palladian bridges span the stream,
 “ But all is homebred Fancy.” “ For that cause,
 “ And chiefly that,” the polish’d Youth re-
 ply’d,
 “ I view each part with rapture. Ornament,
 “ When foreign or fantastic, never charm’d 380
 “ My judgment ; here I tread on British ground ;
 “ With British annals all I view accords.
 “ Some Yorkist, or Lancastrian Baron bold,
 “ To awe his vassals, or to stem his foes,
 “ Yet a massy bulwark built ; on yonder pile, 385

“ In ruin beauteous, I distinctly mark
“ The ruthless traces of stern HENRY’S hand.”

“ Yet,” cry’d ALCANDER, (interrupting mild
The stranger’s speech) “ if so, yon antient seat,
“ Pride of my ancestors, had mock’d repair, 390
“ And by Proportion’s Greek or Roman laws
“ That pile had been rebuilt, thou wouldst not
“ then,

“ I trust, have blam’d, if, there on Doric shafts
“ A temple rose ; if some tall obelisk
“ O’erthopt yon grove, or bold triumphal arch 395
“ Usurpt my Castle’s station.”—“ Spare me yet
“ Yon solemn Ruin,” the quick youth return’d,
“ No mould’ring aqueduct, no yawning crypt
“ Sepulchral, will console me for its fate.”

“ I mean not that,” the Master of the scene 400
Reply’d ; “ tho’ classic rules to modern piles
“ Should give the just arrangement, shun we
“ here

“ By those to form our Ruins ; much we own
“ They please, when, by PANINI’S pencil drawn,
“ Or darkly grav’d by PIRANESI’S hand, 405
“ And fitly might some Tuscan garden grace ;
“ But Time’s rude mace has here all Roman piles

“ Lett’l’d

“ Levell’d so low, that who, on British ground
 “ Attempts the task, builds but a splendid lye
 “ Which mockshistoric credence. Hence the cause
 “ Why Saxon piles or Norman here prevail: 411
 “ Form they a rude, ’tis yet an English whole.”

“ And much I praise thy choice,” the stranger
 cry’d;

“ Such chaste selection shames the common mode,
 “ Which, mingling structures of far distant
 “ times, 415

“ Far distant regions, here, perchance, erects
 “ A fane to Freedom, where her BRUTUS stands
 “ In act to strike the tyrant; there a Tent,
 “ With crescent crown’d, with scymitars adorn’d,
 “ Meet for some BAJAZET; northward we
 “ turn, 420

“ And lo! a pigmy Pyramid pretends
 “ We tread the realms of PHARAOH; quickly
 “ thence

“ Our southern step presents us heaps of stone
 “ Rang’d in a DRUID circle. Thus from age
 “ To age, from clime to clime incessant borne, 425
 “ Imagination flounders headlong on,
 “ Till, like fatigu’d VILLARIO*, soon we find
 “ We better like a field.” “ Nicely thy hand!
 “ The

* Ver. 427, Note XXXIII.

" The childish landscape touches," cries his host,
 " For Fashion ever is a wayward child ; 430
 " Yet sure we might forgive Her faults like these,
 " If but in separate or in single scenes
 " She thus with Fancy wanton'd : Should I lead
 " Thy step, my Friend, (for our accordant tastes
 " Prompt me to give thee that familiar name) 435
 " Behind this screen of Elm, thou there might'st
 " find

" I too had idly play'd the truant's part,
 " And broke the bounds of judgment." " Lead
 " me there,"

Briskly the Youth return'd, " for having prov'd
 " Thy Epic Genius here, why not peruse 440
 " Thy lighter Ode or Eclogue ?" Smiling thence
 ALCANDER led him to the Woodbine bower
 Which last our Song describ'd, who seated there,
 In silent transport view'd the lively scene.

" I see," his host resum'd, " my sportive art 445
 " Finds pardon here ; not ev'n yon classic form,
 " Pouring his liquid treasures from his vase,
 " Tho' foreign from the soil, provokes thy frown. *
 " Try we thy candor farther : higher art,
 " And more luxurious, haply too more vain, 450
 " Adorns yon southern coppice. " On they past
 thro'

Thro' a wild thicket, till the perfum'd air
 Gave to another sense its prelude rich
 On what the eye should feast. But now the grove
 Expands ; and now the Rose, the garden's Queen,
 Amidst her blooming subjects' humbler charms, 455
 On ev'ry plot her crimson pomp displays.
 " Oh Paradise !" the ent'ring youth exclaim'd,
 " Groves whose rich trees weep odorous gums and
 " balm,
 " Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
 " Hang amiable, Hesperian fables true, 461
 " If true, here only *." Thus, in Milton's phrase
 Sublime, the youth his admiration pour'd,
 While passing to the dome ; his next short step
 Unveil'd the central statue : " Heav'ns ! just
 " Heav'ns," 465
 He cry'd, " 'tis my NERINA." " Thine, mad
 " Youth ?
 " Forego the word," ALCANDER said, and paus'd ;
 His utterance fail'd ; a thousand clust'ring thoughts,
 And all of blackest omen to his peace,
 Recoil'd upon his brain, deaden'd all sense, 470
 And at the statue's base him headlong cast,
 A lifeless load of being.—Ye, whose hearts
 Are ready at Humanity's soft call
 To drop the tear, I charge you weep not yet,

* Ver. 462, Note XXXV.

But fearfully suspend the bursting woe : 475

NERINA's self appears; the further isle

She, fate-directed, treads. Does she too faint ?

Would Heav'n she could ! it were a happy swoon

Might soften her fixt form, more rigid now

Than is her marble semblance. One stiff hand 480

Lies leaden on her breast ; the other rais'd

To heav'n, and half-way clench'd ; stedfast her
eyes,

Yet viewless ; and her lips, which op'd to shriek,

Can neither shriek nor close. So might she stand

For ever : He, whose sight caus'd the dread change,

Tho' now he clasps her in his anxious arm, 486

Fails to unbend one sinew of her frame ;

'Tis ice ; 'tis steel. But see, ALCANDER wakes ;

And waking, as by magic sympathy,

NERINA whispers, " All is well, my friend ; 490

" 'Twas but a vision ; I may yet revive——

" But still his arm supports me ; aid him, friend,

" And bear me swiftly to my woodbine bower ;

" For there indeed I wish to breathe my last."

So saying, her cold cheek, and parched brow, 495

Turn'd to a livid paleness ; her dim eyes

Sunk in their sockets ; sharp contraction prest

Her temples, ears, and nostrils : signs well known

To

To those that tend the dying *. Both the youths
 Perceiv'd the change ; and had stern Death him-
 self 500

Wav'd his black banner vifual o'er their heads,
 It could not more appall. With trembling step,
 And filent, both convey'd her to the bower.

Her languid limbs there decently compos'd,
 She thus her speech resum'd: “ Attend my
 “ words, 505

“ Brave CLEON ! dear ALCANDER ! generous
 “ Pair :

“ For both have tender interest in this heart
 “ Which soon shall beat no more. That I am thine
 “ By a dear Father's just commands I own,
 “ Much-honour'd CLEON ! take the hand he gave,
 “ And with it, Oh, if I could give my heart, 511
 “ Thou wert its worthy owner. All I can,
 “ (And that preserv'd with chastest fealty)
 “ Duteous I give thee, CLEON, it is thine ;
 “ Not ev'n this dear preserver, e'er could gain 515
 “ More from my soul than Friendship—that be his;
 “ Yet let me own, what, dying, sooths the pang,
 “ That, had thyself and duty ne'er been known,
 “ He must have had my love.” She paus'd; and

dropt

A filent

* Ver. 499. Note XXXVI.

A silent tear ; then prest the stranger's hand ; 520
 Then bow'd her head upon ALCANDER's breast,
 And " bless them both, kind Heav'n !" she pray'd,
 and died.

" And blest art thou," cry'd CLEON, (in a voice
 Struggling with grief of utterance) blest to die
 " Ere thou hadst question'd me, and I perforce 525
 " Had told a tale which must have sent thy soul
 " In horror from thy bosom. Now it leaves
 " A smile of peace upon those pallid lips,
 " That speaks its parting happy. Go, fair faint !
 " Go to thy palm-crown'd father ! thron'd in blifs,
 " And seated by his side, thou wilt not now 531
 " Deplore the savage stroke that seal'd his doom ;
 " Go hymn the Fount of Mercy, who, from ill
 " Educing good, makes ev'n a death like his,
 " A life furcharg'd with tender woes like thine, 535
 " The road to Joys eternal. Maid, farewell !
 " I leave the casket that thy virtues held
 " To Him whose breast sustains it ; more belov'd,
 " Perhaps more worthy, yet not loving more
 " Than did thy wretched CLEON." At the
 word 540

He bath'd in tears the hand she dying gave,
 Return'd it to her side, and hasty rose.
 ALCANDER, starting from his trance of grief,
 Cry'd

Cry'd "Stay, I charge thee stay;" "and shall he
 " stay," 544

CLEON reply'd, "whose presence stabb'd thy peace?"

"Hear this before we part: That breathless Maid

"Was daughter to a venerable Sage,

"Whom Boston, when with peace and safety
 "blest,

"In rapture heard pour from his hallow'd tongue

"Religion's purest dictates. 'Twas my chance,

"In early period of our civil broils, 551

"To save his precious life: And hence the Sire

"Did to my love his Daughter's charms consign;

"But, till the war should cease, if ever cease,

"Deferr'd our nuptials. Whither she was sent 555

"In search of safety, well, I trust, thou know'st;

"He meant to follow; but those ruthless flames,

"That spar'd nor friend nor foe, nor sex nor age,

"Involv'd the village, where on sickly couch

"He lay confin'd, and whither he had fled 560

"Awhile to sojourn. There (I see thee shrink)

"Was he that gave NERINA being burnt!

"Burnt by thy Countrymen! to Ashes burnt!

"Fraternal hands and christian lit the flame.—

"Oh thou hast cause to shudder. I meanwhile 565

"With his brave son a distant warfare wag'd;

"And him, now I have found the prize I sought,

L

"And

“ And finding lost, I hasten to rejoin;
 “ Vengeance and glory call me.” At the word,
 Not fiercer does the Tigress quit her cave 570
 To seize the hinds that robb’d her of her young,
 Than he the bower. “ Stay, I conjure thee, stay,”
 ALCANDER cry’d, but ere the word was spoke
 CLEON was seen no more. “ ‘Then be it so,”
 The youth continu’d, clasping to his heart 575
 The beauteous corse, and smiling as he spoke,
 (Yet such a smile as far out-sorrows tears)
 “ Now thou art mine entirely—Now no more
 “ Shall duty dare disturb us—Love alone—
 “ But hark! he comes again—Away, vain fear! 580
 “ ’Twas but the fluttering of thy feather’d flock.
 “ True to their custom’d hour, behold they troop
 “ From island, grove, and lake. Arise, my Love,
 “ Extend thy hand—I lift it, but it falls.
 “ Hence then, fond fools, and pine! NERINA’S
 “ hand 585
 “ Has lost the power to feed you. Hence and
 “ die.”

Thus plaining, to his lips the icy palm
 He lifted, and with ardent passion kist;
 Then cry’d in agony, “ on this dear hand,
 “ Once tremblingly alive to Love’s soft touch, 590
 “ I hop’d

“ I hop’d to seal my faith : ” This thought awak’d
 Another sad soliloquy, which they,
 Whoe’er have lov’d, will from their hearts supply,
 And they who have not will but hear and smile.

And let them smile, but let the scorers learn 591
 There is a solemn luxury in grief
 Which they shall never taste ; well known to
 those,

And only those, in Solitude’s deep gloom
 Who heave the sigh sincerely : Fancy there
 Waits the fit moment ; and, when Time has
 calm’d 600

The first o’erwhelming tempest of their woe,
 Piteous she steals upon the mourner’s breast
 Her precious balm to shed : Oh, it has power,
 Has magic power to soften and to sooth,
 Thus duly minister’d. ALCANDER felt 605
 The charm, yet not till many a ling’ring moon
 Had hung upon her zenith o’er his couch,
 And heard his midnight wailings. Does he stray
 But near the fated temple, or the bower ?

He feels a chilly monitor within, 610
 Who bids him pause. Does he at distance view
 His grot ? ’tis darken’d with NERINA’s storm,
 Ev’n at the blaze of noon. Yet there are walks

The lost one never trod; and there are seats
 Where he was never happy by her side, 615
 And these he still can sigh in. Here at length,
 As if by chance, kind Fancy brought her aid,
 When wand'ring thro' a grove of sable yew,
 Rais'd by his ancestors: their Sabbath-path
 Led thro' its gloom, what time too dark a stole 620
 Was o'er Religion's decent features drawn
 By Puritanic zeal. Long had their boughs
 Forgot the sheers; the spire, the holy ground
 They banish'd by their umbrage. "What if here,"
 Cry'd the sweet Soother, in a whisper soft, 625
 "Some open space were form'd, where other
 "shades,
 "Yet all of solemn sort, Cypress and Bay
 "Funereal, pensive Birch its languid arms
 "That droops, with waving Willows deem'd to
 "weep,
 "And shiv'ring Aspens mixt their varied green; 630
 "What if yon trunk, shorn of its murky crest,
 "Reveal'd the sacred Fane?" ALCANDER heard
 The Charmer; ev'ry accent seem'd his own,
 So much they touch'd his heart's sad unison.
 "Yes, yes," he cry'd, "Why not behold it all? 635
 "That bough remov'd shews me the very vault
 "Where my NERINA sleeps, and where, when
 "Heav'n

In

“ In pity to my plaint the mandate seals,
 “ My dust with her’s shall mingle.” Now his
 hinds,

Call’d to the task, their willing axes wield; 640

Joyful to see, as witless of the cause,

Their much-lov’d Lord his sylvan arts resume.

And next, within the centre of the gloom,

A shed of twisting roots and living moss,

With rushes thatch’d, with wattled oziers lin’d, 645

He bids them raise * : it seem’d a Hermit’s cell;

Yet void of hour-glass, scull, and maple dish,

Its mimic garniture : ALEXANDER’S taste

Disdains to trick with emblematic toys

The place where He and Melancholy mean 650

To fix NERINA’S bust, her genuine bust,

The model of the marble. There he hides,

Close as a Miser’s gold, the sculptur’d clay;

And but at early morn and latest eve

Unlocks the simple shrine, and heaves a sigh; 655

Then does he turn, and thro’ the glimm’ring
 glade

Cast a long glance upon her house of death;

Then views the bust again, and drops a tear.

Is this idolatry, ye sage ones, say? —

Or, if ye doubt, go view the num’rous train 660

L 3

Of

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* Ver. 646, Note XXXVII.

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L 3

Of

Of poor and fatherless his care consoles ;
 The sight will tell thee, he that dries their tears
 Has unseen angels hov'ring o'er his head,
 Who leave their heav'n to see him shed his own.

Here close we, sweet SIMPLICITY ! the tale, 665
 And with it let us yield to youthful bards
 That Dorian reed we but awak'd to voice
 When Fancy prompted, and when Leisure smil'd ;
 Hopeless of general praise, and well repaid,
 If they of classic ear, unpall'd by rhyme, 670
 Whom changeful pause can please, and numbers
 free,

Accept our song with candour. They perchance,
 Led by the Muse to solitude and shade,
 May turn that Art we sing to soothing use,
 At this ill-omen'd hour, when Rapine rides 675
 In titled triumph ; when Corruption waves
 Her banners broadly in the face of day,
 And shews th' indignant world the host of slaves
 She turns from Honour's standard. Patient there,
 Yet not desponding, shall the sons of Peace 680
 Await the day, when, smarting with his wrongs,
 Old England's Genius wakes ; when with him
 wakes

That plain Integrity, Contempt of gold,

Defdain

Disdain of slav'ry, liberal Awe of rule
 Which fixt the rights of People, Peers, and Prince,
 And on them founded the majestic pile 686
 Of BRITISH FREEDOM; bade fair ALBION rise
 The scourge of tyrants: sovereign of the seas;
 And arbitress of empires. Oh return,
 Ye long-lost train of Virtues! swift return 690
 To save ('tis ALBION prompts your Poet's prayer)
 Her Throne, her Altars, and her laureat Bowers.

T H E E N D.

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COMMENTARY

AND

NOTES.

1

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COMMENTARY

ON THE

FIRST BOOK.

GARDENING imparts to rural scenery what a noble and graceful depòrtment confers upon the human Frame : It is not an imitative Art, it is more, it is an endeavour to bestow on each individual Reality, those beauties which judicious imitation would select from many, and combine in one fictitious Representation. That the Son of Achilles was as much inferior in person to his Father, as the most perfect human forms are to the finest Statues, is the declaration of the skilful Philostratus ; and amounts to a full acknowledgment of the inferiority of individual Nature to selective Art. If, therefore, by any means the original can be brought under the obedience of those Laws, by which she is imitated to advantage, an Art is then devised as much superior to those which merely deal

deal in imitation, as motion and reality are superior to fiction and inanimate rest: It is only in right of their constitution and laws that the imitative arts are intitled to any preference; but these are now transferred and set over a more noble dominion. (A)

To establish their empire, and pronounce their decrees in the Province of Landscape, is the purpose of the foregoing Poem; to mark the connexion, to point out the principles, and sometimes to extend the application of the precepts delivered by the Poet, is the purpose of this Commentary: it was written originally in the margin of the Poem, and has been so fortunate as not only to receive approbation, but actually now to appear before the world, under the sanction of its Author. Thus honoured, it is little solicitous concerning the reception it may there meet with: For should it even come short of the favourable expectations he has been pleased to entertain, and fail to promote the delightful Art it is designed to serve, one private End, at least, must still be answered, and my best Pride will receive its ample satisfaction from seeing my name thus publickly connected with that of Mr. Mason.

From

From what is here said, it is obvious that the poetical merits of the English Georgic are not under my consideration ; it will be inferred, perhaps, that I am precluded from giving an opinion on that head ; I am so : Yet why have I studiously considered and noted the Poem ? The necessary answer to this question will give my judgment ; in terms very general, I grant ; but thus alone, by leaving it for others to draw the inference, I am enabled to evade the prohibition I am under.

I confess that the subject also, exclusive of the manner in which it has been treated, has charms for me sufficient to engage my attention : If Reason has her Sports, they are worthy the pursuit of Reason ; and I am far from concurring with the mathematical Reader of Virgil, who, having perused the *Æneid*, laid down the book, and then contemptuously pronounced that it might, perhaps, be very good ; but for his part he could not see the use of it, because, forsooth it proved nothing.

In the class with this sentence we must also rank the surly and sullen speculation which would insinuate reflections on an Art that successfully

M

under-

undertakes to embellish and render Nature universally lovely. To extinguish the finest Faculty of the human Mind, or pervert the Natural Taste for the Pleasures thence derived, will not, I trust, however arrogantly claimed, be generally considered as the Business of Reason; and therefore we are constrained to account for the savage and cynical censures which would deprive us of the delight of Poetry and Gardening, by referring them to an absolute ignorance of the respective Subjects, and a total defect of the Imagination.

But it is so far from being the true Business of Reason to degrade, that to cultivate and enlarge the Imagination is, perchance, the happiest fruit of her genuine researches. It is by means of this sense of the intellect that our convictions, in a thousand instances, become our pleasures; and by facilitating the comprehension of remote objects it is that Reason renders them the objects of this Faculty; we are thus rendered sensible of the Beauty of Holiness, the Beauty of Virtue, the Beauty of System, and even of the Beauty of Theorem; and shall an easier accessibility derogate from our Sense of the Beauty of Nature? When Reason is not disgraced in thus referring

referring her issues to the Imagination, I can see no just cause why our educated sense of Beauty should be suddenly refused the full enjoyment of those objects which, by the benevolent Author of Nature, were originally adapted to her immediate possession.

It is not however, without some discriminating powers of the mind that the Beauties of Nature are even discerned; the Imagination must be correct and pure to select with judgment the scenes that are most worthy of contemplation. And if to enjoy require an act of the cultivated understanding, it will not be denied that to open the sources of enjoyment, and to design and execute, so as to give pleasure to the taste of an improved intellect, demands the exertion of much greater powers of the mind. What, for example, can be accomplished without a critical knowledge of the rules of composition, and a vigorous fancy to forecast in each particular instance, the future effects of their judicious application? Can a ready observation to detect a latent grace, and to discern the advantages it is capable of receiving from art, be dispensed with? and can the ignorance of any mechanical science be supposed in the genuine Gardener, whose occupation is a perpetual display

play of even consummate skill in the comprehensive theories of Painting and Architecture ? But, referring my reader to the Author's motto, let me here cease farther to apologize for the liberality of an Art which He, who of all mankind best understood the true business of Reason, has not disdained to consider as "the perfection of civility," or to rank as "the purest of human pleasures."

The Plan of the ENGLISH GARDEN is made to correspond with its subject, which is single, and in which the parts, however numerous, are evidently the parts of one uniform whole. The practical precepts, delivered in the three latter Books of the poem in like manner, are but the amplifications of one fundamental and universally pervading principle, to the doctrine and establishment of which, as a common basis, the commencing book has been accordingly assigned by the Poet.

Ver.

The Poem begins with an invocation to SIMPLICITY, the inseparable attendant upon genuine Beauty and Grace, and this with much judgment, because the interference of Simplicity is necessary to control the natural tendency of Art, which

which is ever more apt to overcharge her work, than fall short of the golden mean, which is the perfection of Nature, and of every artifice to imitate or adorn her. A defective Taste, like a phlegmatic disposition, requires provocatives to excite an interest: Where the Wit of Terence or Addison would fail to obtain a smile, the boisterous and ribbald Jest will be attended by acclamations of joy; and actual afflictions are required to extort a tear from the eye that can view the fictitious miseries of the Stage without emotion. In like manner it is that gaudy hues, violent contrasts, and a surface rough with sculpture and fluttering projections, invite the admiration of such as are blind to the Harmony of colouring, the tender varieties of light and shadow, the graces of well-poised disposition, and the majestic dignity of just proportion: And from the same principle, it is probable, that the formal magnificence of our antient gardens would, on a comparison, find a more general suffrage than the delicious domestic scenes which are peculiar to our day: for the sumptuous Art, which obliterates what it should only adorn, and thus obtrudes itself alone upon the eye, solicits the vulgar, and will thence obtain

a preference to that which modestly ministring to Nature, sets forward only her charms and withdraws itself from observation. To correct and strengthen the judgment, and consequently to reform this vicious taste, is the great purpose of the Poet; and while he is about to teach, he seeks to place the Conduct of his Poem under the same just reflections that he prescribes to the kindred Art which forms its subject.—That sweet Simplicity which should thus preside in every art, is excellently described by Quintilian:

“ Quendam purum, qualis etiam in feminis
 “ amatur, ornatum habet; & sunt quædam
 “ velut è tenui diligentia circa proprietatem
 “ significationemque munditiæ. Alia copiâ
 “ locuples, alia floribus læta; virium non
 “ unum genus, nam quicquid in suo genere factis effectum est valet.” *Institut. lib. viii.*

Ver.
 {
 18 The assistance of the two sister muses of Poetry and Painting, is likewise invoked to promote a kindred Art, an Art in which the attributes of both are engaged: For that Taste which is required either to enjoy, to design, or critically to instruct in the means to design the beauties of scenery, must result from an union of the Poet's delicate feelings, and the Painter's practised judgment.

judgment to select the objects by which they are
 best excited. Ever since the days of Simonides, *Ver.*
18
 who declared Painting to be silent Poetry, and
 Poetry to be speaking Picture, Critics of all ranks
 and sizes have touched, and some have even
 extensively expatiated upon the affinity of these
 two Arts. To prove that Gardening is of their
 sisterhood, it might be enough to say, that she
 makes her address to the same mental source of
 Pleasure, and so rank the whole doctrine under
 the equally acknowledged assertion of Antiquity,
 that all the Arts are of one family. Gardening,
 I grant, has heretofore in a manner withdrawn
 herself from her relations; for while Nature gave
 laws to these, and seemed to preside over their
 friendly society, she alone refused to comply
 with the dictates which, if possible, more nearly
 concerned her than the rest. A vigorous ima-
 gination, with a correct judgment, were the
 qualifications which all her sisters sought for in
 their votaries; while she, with a wayward ob-
 stinacy, addicted herself to the tasteless minions
 of Fortune, and only required that her woers
 should be endowed with Wealth. What wonder
 then that she has been put down from her station,
 and that her claim to be numbered among the
 liberal

Ver. liberal Arts has not been universally acknow-
 18 ledged? But having now become sensible of her
 own depravity, reformed her errors, and placed
 herself under the direction of Nature; having
 lent her whole attention to the laws by which
 the family is governed; and taken the rules of
 her present and future conduct from them; her
 pretensions are no longer problematical: she
 assumes a dignity that renders her worthy of
 the rank to which she is restored; has become a
 favourite in the Train of Nature, the common
 Mistress of them all; and Painting, who has
 chiefly taken her under tuition, like the Precep-
 tor of Scipio, declares, that while she imparts,
 she derives instruction from her ready Pupil.

Having thus, in the poetical mode of invocati-
 on, generally intimated the qualifications that
 are equally requisite in the ‘Pupil of his Song’
 25 as in the precepts which teach his Art, after a
 few episodical lines, upon which, for the reason
 already assigned, I feel myself with much regret
 precluded from expatiating, the Poet, addressing
 50 himself to such of the Youth of England as are
 enabled by the means of a sufficient fortune and
 an unvitiated Taste of Beauty to carry his lessons
 54 into execution, slides into his subject with an
 assurance

assurance to so many of them as are in pursuit *Ver.*
 of classical knowledge, that the Art of Gardening
 was unknown to antient Rome ; and to such as 61
 visit the Continent, that it is not even now to be
 learned in the detail by travel into modern Italy ; 63
 but that foreign countries, and particularly that
 of Italy will, notwithstanding, contribute natu-
 ral beauties adapted to improve or form the taste,
 and afford scenes well worthy of our imitation.
 These, however, we are instructed, not indis- 71
 criminate, or too ambitiously to aim at adopt-
 ing, for this important reason, (which is the first 83
 general precept laid down) that every effort to
 improve the scenery must correspond with the
 original nature of the place, or else most certainly
 prove abortive. (B)

But although objects which are inapplicable 88
 be thus proscribed, it does not therefore follow
 that we should despair of giving beauty to any
 spot however seemingly defective ; for the seeds
 of grace are universally disseminated ; and
 though we cannot any where raise such as are
 foreign from the soil, and as it were exotic ; 102
 yet such as are indigenous will rise, and attain
 to their full maturity and perfection under the 107
 cultivation of Industry and Taste. The very
 Heath,

Ver. Heath, for example, of all things apparently the least susceptible of a picturesque appearance, may be fertilized, and receive a chearful aspect
 111 from the hand of toil ; and taste succeeding to this may carry the work so much farther as to bestow upon it even beauty and grace. : but as the soil must be reclaimed, in order to its affording the materials of verdure and foliage to Taste, it is evident here that labour must go before ; while in the improvement of the dank Vale,
 114 which affords another instance of their united powers, it is equally evident that Taste must take the lead, and precede, or at least conduct
 123 the works of Labour ; for if not, the waters may be drawn off by the straightest, as being the shortest lines ; and these again be so placed as to form angular interfections : Whereas Taste being at once possessed of her materials here, will prescribe that bed or channel in which they may spread or run in the most beautiful manner ; and hence it is that Labour must, in this and similar cases, be the attendant instead of the harbinger of Taste.

And here the valley thus improved is described ; the beauties which Nature has contributed, and the corresponding charms which Fancy has bestowed,

bestowed, are peculiarized: Time is supposed *Ver.*
 to have imparted maturity to its groves, and
 ripened all its beauties to the precise idea of the
 Planter, and it is accordingly found altogether
 suited to contemplation, and the pleasures of 150
 seclusion and learned retirement: The cave, the 153
 rill, and the shadowy glade, adapt it to the Poet; 160
 its copious vegetation, and numerous insect
 inhabitants to the Naturalist; while, from the 164
 general disposition of its wood and water, and
 the accidents of light, which its various parts are
 formed to catch, the Painter may derive improve-
 ment to his Art. But it is not for the mere plea-
 sure of dwelling on the lovely scene that the Poet
 has thus minutely described its parts; he had
 another view, and has accordingly made his
 description the conveyance of an important cen- 142
 sure on that indiscriminating zeal for prospect
 which requires and is only delighted with the
 extent of unselected objects; and also an exem-
 plification of this doctrine, that a single scene, 172
 though not comprehending distances, may yet,
 by a judicious disposition of light and shadow,
 be put into possession of sufficient variety to ren-
 der a landscape, thus formed merely of a fore-
 ground, complete and perfect within itself.

If

Ver.

179

If then it appears that Fancy be of such power as thus to give charms to reluctant Nature, it follows that we should exert ourselves to improve this faculty; and to this end it is laid down as a maxim, that we should consult the laws by which Painting is governed, and apply them to the sister Art of Gardening. But of these, the first is to make a happy selection of objects for the pencil; and therefore, as greatness of parts, a receding gradation of hues and limiting outlines, and three distances, marked each with their respective characters, and bearing to each other a due proportion, are the objects of the Painter's choice, so, if they can be attained, they are recommended to the Gardener as the most desirable scenery for the exercise of his imagination and his art.

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But of these three distances, supposing them possessed, the foreground is that part which is usually most at the disposal of a proprietor, and is consequently of the highest importance. Wherever a Man stands the contiguous objects immediately before him form a foreground to the scene he is looking at; and by the foreground how much the general prospect is affected, there are few who delight in landscape that have not perceived.

ceived. The general harmony of a scene results *Ver.*
 from a due proportion of its parts ; but the greater distances are seldom within the power of art : How then shall art, thus limited in the extent of her dominion, attempt to harmonize the whole scene ? To this I answer, by a judicious adaption and disposition of the objects through which the eye beholds it. A path is a series of foregrounds ; and to adapt each part of this to the various combinations of the distant objects which always result from change of place or aspect, is the proper business of art. The effect of aspect on a scene, and the pleasure arising from an agreeable series of foregrounds, must be strongly felt by such as sail upon a fine river between beautiful banks : by this means we always, as it were, carry water with us, and render it a permanent ingredient in a continually changing landscape. The means then prescribed for obtaining a similar permanency in a beautiful foreground are the direction of the path from which the general scenery is to be viewed ;—a selection of well-adapted greens which shall contrast or mix their colouring into it ;—such interruptions as may frequently give the charm of renewal to what we had been for a time deprived of ;—the absolutely unintervening foliage of shrubbery

N

beneath

Ver. beneath the eye ;—and the shade of forest foliage above it ; in which latter case the best portions of the distant scene may be selected, and beheld from between the stems of the trees, which should be so situated as sometimes by affording lateral limits to reduce the view even to the strictest rules of composition ;—and thus from the varieties of the foreground the general scene is also perpetually varied.

But as there are many who are not sensible of the beauty of this last feature in a foreground, and hence might too hastily think of removing every forest-tree in front, as only an interruption to the scene, a caution is suggested against such a practice: to prove its necessity, the picturesque principle is resorted to, and exemplified in the wooded foregrounds of Claude Lorrain and G. Poussin ; and, as from these it would be impossible to retrench even a single bough without an injury to the general composition of the scene, so Nature is said to suffer a similar injury if her foregrounds are injudiciously deprived of their shade.—And as, again, the same defective taste which would thus strip the foreground where trees are an important feature, if possessed of power to reach the distances, might there be induced

induced to plant in such a manner as to give ^{Ver.} them no importance whatever ; to counteract the uniform operation of aerial perspective, by spotting the remote hills with little circumscribed clumps of dark foliage ; and to intersect by angular fences what is formed to please only by the singleness and majesty of the whole, the picturesque principle, with which the general rules respecting foregrounds are here concluded, is made the means of commencing a new subject, and is accordingly extended to the distant scenes, and in this case exemplified in the distances of Salvatore Rosa ; for as it would be impossible, among the sublime objects of which these, for the most part, consist, without absolutely subverting the dignity of his whole composition, to introduce the petty contrasts resulting from deep shadowed, but narrowly limited plantations, so Nature is said to suffer a similar injury, if minute inclosures and formal foliage be allowed to disturb the awful tranquility of her more majestic scenes. And the reason is obvious : the whole should be viewed together and not in parts, which would, on account of their remote situation, very distinctly shew their extremities to the eye ; whereas in the foreground, neighbourhood intirely precludes the possibility of this effect.

Ver.

The end and spirit of this precept then being to preserve proportion and harmony in the relative extent and colouring of those parts which enter into the composition of the distant scenery, it will clearly follow that no broad and sober contrasts are precluded by the prohibition. Of nearer objects Nature defines with accuracy at once the outline and the shadow; but losing at a distance the intenseness of both, she exhibits them with blended and doubtful extremities; like twilight she diminishes their opposition, and consequently exclaims against whatever should attempt to give it an unadapted strength: hence dark patches of ill-consorted wood, which rather seem to stick out from, than compose a part of, the scene, are her abhorrence. But it is not therefore a woody distance that is obnoxious either to Her or her Poet; on the contrary, he inculcates this farther doctrine, that extensive clothing will be productive of the same uniform and simple greatness as extent of any other character whatsoever; but he ascertains its manner of application, and instructs us in these cases to give a forest extent of wood to distances even the extremest, and unite them all by one uninterrupted length of foliage. But extent and continuity are insisted on as indispensable here; for

as

as in the sublime ferocity of the scenes, last con- ^{Ver.}
sidered, no little additions were admitted to in-
terrupt the general union; so where the charac-
ter of the distance is forest extent, for the same
reason, little intermissions are equally precluded.
For as clumps and acute divisions are there said 225
to form a disproportionate contrast, so here the
very same defect would result from formal extre-
mities or circumscribed interruptions of wood,
when opposed to the general hue of the foliage.
And here the particular foliage, by which this 253
great effect is best obtained, is specified, and the
Oak, the Elm, and the Chesnut are recommend- 253
ed to the Planter; their hues are sufficiently
similar, and consequently that species of Variety
alone, which is naturally incident to distances,
is aimed at. No fictitious protuberances are af-
fected by the means of paler verdure, nor, al-
tho' the Fir be permitted, as a protection to the
other trees, to afford a temporary shade, are sud-
den, and therefore incongruous, breaks sought
after by the admission of darker greens; the
scene is left to obtain its variety from the effects
of light upon its surface; and these, let no man
doubt, will be sufficient for his purpose: for
from the undulating form of this the light and
shadow will borrow not only extent and breadth.

Ver. but soft and uncertain limits; and even that diversity of colour which is thus judiciously declined by art, will be amply repaid by the ordinary accidents resulting from the vicissitudes of weather, and the several seasons of the day.

264 Thus then we see the picturesque principle exemplified and applied to the living scenery of Nature; but we are not for this reason to conceive that Nature is thus rendered subservient to an Art over which she has not herself previously presided; for though she may not in every portion of her works have exhibited the full perfection
264 of beauty, yet in some she probably has; and though, wherever these lovely features occur, she may not in every instance have combined them to the greatest possible advantage; yet in some she has certainly displayed the charms of harmonious composition. Had she done this universally, or where she has done it, were it the talent of every man to observe and to generalize the principle on which she has proceeded, it would be unnecessary here to call in the aid of
280 an imitative Art; but when to those alone who have cultivated this, the skill to select and recombine the beauties of Nature, has been heretofore in a manner confined, to those it cannot
be

be deemed unreasonable to refer the Gardener *Ver.*
 for instruction in the conduct of his own art.
 To grace and adorn the person of the great original herself is his pleasing province ; and surely
 He is the most likely to succeed in the discharge
 of this duty, who most diligently investigates the
 principles on which she has already been imitated
 with the happiest success. From those then who,
 with the highest Taste and most discriminating
 powers of selection, have transferred the beauties
 of Nature to the canvas, we may, without
 derogation, submit to receive instruction, and
 learn ourselves to select, to digest, and to
 dispose our superior materials, according to
 rules of composition that have been primarily
 dictated by herself. 280

It is not, therefore, by declining the study of
 Nature, that we are desired to aim at attaining
 that abstract Idea of Beauty to which we should
 for ever refer our designs and works, but by
 studying her through the medium of an Art
 which, upon her own principles, has combined
 and improved her features ; thus we are ascertained
 of success, and having once got possession
 of this general archetype, we see every species
 of littleness by before it ; every symptom of
 mechan- 300.
 312

Ver. mechanism withdraws, and every trace of geometric order is obliterated; the Angle declines into the waving Curve, and parts, before acutely divided, now melt into each other with soft and easy transitions.

318 And such a transition the Poet may be said to have here exemplified in his own method. We had before been instructed how far the Powers of Fancy were able to contend with the difficulties started by Nature herself, and to remove what appeared to be even deformity; and now from a general rule, in which his abhorrence of mechanick order is inculcated, we are carried to the consideration of her equal powers to reform the
 224 absurdities introduced by antecedent Art. The right lined Vista consequently, however sanctified by time or circumstance, is condemned to fall,
 328 while only such of its trees as can survive removal,
 336 al, or such as by concealment of their line, may plead for mercy, can hope to avert the stroke of the Axe: from these few, however, a considerable effect is promised; and thus Art, in concurrence with Nature, and acting only as her
 342 handmaid, is seen restoring to Beauty Scenes, which, without that concurrence, she had herself previously deformed. (C)

We

We have now seen the picturesque principle *Ver.*
 established, and we have traced its operations in
 the improvement of defective Nature, and the
 reformation of erroneous Art. We have seen it
 also more agreeably occupied in selecting, height-
 ening, and arranging the Features of an exten-
 sive Landscape originally beautiful: we are
 now to contemplate its effect upon the only spe-
 cies of rural view that has not yet been brought
 under its direction: But in this instance the
 precept is Caution; and so very tenderly is Art
 permitted to touch the almost-finished work of
 Nature, that its interference seems rather to be
 prohibited than invited here. If indeed the scene
 fall short of the Poet's description, and yet consist
 of parts that are capable of being rendered con-
 formable to it, it is then the delightful office of
 Art to break new ground, and for the first time
 to enter into the shadowy wild, which bears no
 mark of ever having heretofore been invaded by
 the hand of man: but here good Taste will hold
 sacred the deep solemnity, the silent and solitary
 grandeur of its dark recesses; it will move on
 without impressing a distinguishable vestige, and
 will only, as it were, by stealth admit the human
 eye to the enjoyment of their secluded beauties.
 If Time indeed, giving to oblivion every un-
 pleasing

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355

Ver. pleasing idea of their former designation, has handed over to Nature, and she adopting them has blended with her own offspring the antient
 360 seats of tyranny and superstition, Fancy has little more to do than to enjoy the vale, whose woody sides, forming a gloomy contrast to the rocks that glitter through them, are over-hung by the majestick Ruins of a Castle ; or in the bottom of perhaps the same valley to contemplate the more awful Remains of an Abbey standing on the margin of a stream, by which the whole is watered : For what indeed remains for her to do ? If absolute neglect has obscured the beauties of the scene, or rendered it, perhaps, inaccessible, an access must be obtained, and its beauties must be retrieved from a circumstance equivalent to annihilation ; but this is the utmost that is allowed to Art, and even in the perform-
 360 ance of these necessary offices, the principal attention must be paid to the concealment and disguise of its interference. Hence the Poet, instead of imparting his instruction in this instance in the form of precept, has conveyed it by a description, and finding so little matter for maxim, instead of a lesson, has given us an archetype for our imitation.

From

From the contemplation of Scenes like these, ^{Ver.}
 the Poet now suddenly directs our observation to ³⁸⁶
 the geometrical absurdities of our antient Gardens, and by thus artfully bringing them into immediate comparison, excites our just indignation against their unnatural and sumptuous puerilities: Our eye, but now in the enjoyment of Nature's loveliest freest forms, beholds, with disgust, the narrow restraints under which she has heretofore been oppressed. Where Art takes Nature for its Archetype, Nature may herself improve under the conduct of that Art: but where on the contrary its source is in itself, or to be found rather in the principles than the visible performances of Nature, the works of Art like this, are never to be adopted in her domains. Painting presents a mirror to her form; and before this she may dress herself to the improvement of her charms: but what can Architecture contribute to heighten them? Having never borrowed from her it has nothing to restore; and to become a borrower herself, is ³⁸⁶
 a condescension beneath the dignity of her character; and consequently, however graceful, however majestic the works of this fine Art may rise, ~~their beauties~~ are their own, they are peculiar to themselves, and in no respect applicable to
 the

Ver. the forms of Nature, who will therefore scorn
 392 to wear them. Boundless in her easy variety she
 disdains the restrictions of the line and plum-
 met, and, that substitute for the chizzel, the
 sheers. Yet such were the antient implements
 of the Gardener; by these the green Arcade
 was formed, and the dwarf vegetable trimmed
 into the mosaic pavement of the parterre; by
 these its angular extremities and quick, smooth
 slope were given to the terras; by these the
 winding currents of water were compelled to
 stagnate in straight canals; and, to use the
 language of an old French Writer, by these
 they were effectually prevented from ever dege-
 nerating into Rivers again.

The History of Gardening in England, from
 the days of Elizabeth to our own time, finds
 here an easy introduction, it is accordingly relat-
 ed, and hence we learn the antiquity of that
 formal mode which has just been condemned;
 we also learn that however obstinately it held its
 ground, it had yet in every age come under the
 censure of the wisest and most discerning men;
 498 that yielding at last to their remonstrances and
 ridicule, it began to give way about the com-
 mencement of the present century; and con-
 sequently,

frequently, that at that period the style which ^{Ver.} forms the subject of the Poem may be said to have had its rise, although it has but very lately attained to its perfection, To the works of 536 those great Masters, therefore, who have brought it to this high state, as before to the works of the Painter, we are now referred, with an earnest assurance, that by them we shall see the principles of the Art exemplified, and from the study of their practice, be enabled to correct our Taste and extend our Fancy; that by exercising these, and giving an actual existence to whatever ideal forms and combinations we may have derived from all the sources that have now been laid open to us, we may bestow beauty upon even the ordinary features of natural scenery, and enter into the refined enjoyment of whatever Nature has, in this kind, created most lovely and complete. (D)

Having now brought the Commentary on the First Book to a conclusion, and throughout endeavoured to maintain and strengthen the great principle of rural beauty which has been prescribed by the Poet, I seem to hear an objection started to the justice of the doctrine, and to be asked in what manner the practice of the Gardener,

dener, who, for the most part, makes excessive neatness an object in his scenes, is to be reconciled with that species of beauty which consists in roughness of surface, and which appears to have been always aimed at by the Painter of Landscape.

To this, in the first place, I answer, that the objection does not affect the general composition, which is still moulded according to the picturesque idea; and secondly, that it cannot affect the distances, which are beyond the reach of any such subordinate consideration. How far then does it extend? Only to the foreground; and even in this, not to the design, but pencilling; for, exclusive of the surface, the form may be preserved to the most fastidious expectations of the Painter. What then remains; not the drawing of the Picture, for that is allowed to be correct, but just the manner of handling that small domestic portion which lies immediately beneath the eye. And, surely, when it comes to be considered, that in generalizing a principle, and applying it to a new subject, some variety must always result from the application; and this not from any mutability of the principle itself, but from the diversity of the

the

the objects with which it is combined, a variety so extremely trivial, can hardly be admitted as an objection to the introduction of the picturesque principle into the Art of Gardening ; it falls before this self-evident proposition, that a rural scene in reality, and a rural scene upon canvas, are not precisely one and the same thing.

But that point, in which they differ here, is not itself without a guiding principle : Utility sets up her claim, and declares, that however concurrent the genuine Beauty of Nature and Picture may be, the Garden Scene is hers, and must be rendered conformable to the purposes of human life ; if to these every consonant charm of painting be added, she is pleased ; but by no means satisfied, if that which is convertible to use be given absolutely to wildness. The Wildness of Nature, therefore, is irretrievably set aside, and, consequently, it is only that kind of beauty which wears the stamp of human interference that can be cultivated here. Admit that desert Nature is best arrayed in the rough garb which painting chuses to imitate ; yet in the English Garden, even in her very finest scenery, it is not desirable to preserve her in such a taste

of useless purity, that it shall appear as if no human footstep had even trod the ground. The presence of the mansion must for ever refute the supposition. Neatness must, consequently, supersede this savage air, for meer slovenly accommodation is of all defects, the most disgusting, it is a mean between wildness and cultivation, which makes each destructive of the other, and consequently, instead of being both, is really neither. To neatness, therefore, the surface of the foreground must be given; the claims of utility must be complied with, for the rudeness of Nature is precluded, and this alone remains: but even from this no small share of picturesque beauty may be made to arise, and smoothness itself, if thus the means and reasons of creating it appear, and that the shaven Lawn be seen covered with the flocks which have been the instruments of its polish, will be found in a very extensive degree to conform to the principle originally prescribed. But I will now go even further, and aver, that it altogether conforms: The Arts which imitate Nature are necessarily defective in one point, they cannot imitate her motion; and hence they are driven to seek for some substitute that may be productive of the same effect. A roughness of surface

is

is produced by quick contrasts of contiguous Light and Shade, which resulting in the appearance of frequent projection and retirement, the Eye, by the rapid succession of these, is affected in exactly the same manner as if the parts were actually moving before it: But is this roughness, therefore, necessary in Nature herself? It certainly is not; and the reason is, that possessing a real, it would be superfluous to adopt the means by which only a fictitious motion is achieved: the PRINCIPLES of Painting, therefore, are universally received; and thus THE ENGLISH GARDEN, exempted from the necessity of using them, is found only not to accept of the artificial resources of Picture.

COMMENTARY

ON THE

SECOND BOOK.

THE Poet having, in the former Book, proposed every general principle relating to the Art of Gardening, it would have been allowable for him to have laid down his pen, and left his readers, in each particular instance, to have made the application as well as they could for themselves : But reflecting on the difficulty of carrying general theories into practice, he has himself condescended to take his Pupil by the hand, and to teach him to apply his rules in every portion of his subject. He enters accordingly in the following Books into the detail, and instructs us in the means of executing every part of that great whole with which we had been previously made acquainted ; we have seen the Picture ; we have admired the Composition ; and ~~even~~ contemplated its greater features ; but

we

Ver. we are now to imitate it; we must, therefore, descend to subordinate considerations; we are no longer to consider the effect alone, but to enquire into the means by which it is produced; and to the speculative part of Gardening, henceforward learn to afford the assistance of manual operation.

The regard that is due to Utility, and the necessity which subsists of rendering even Beauty no more than adjunct to this in the English Garden, has been already intimated: *to some reflections on the happy effects of their union the present portion of the subject now naturally leads the mind; and, accordingly, the Second Book opens with an Address to an Art which thus benevolently turns Magnificence from the cultivation of sumptuous trifles to the improvement of that which is beneficial to mankind. But here, while we attend to the precept conveyed in this apostrophe, we must be exceedingly on our guard not to misapply it, or imagine, that by converting beautiful objects to any other than their appropriate use, we are acting under its direction: The genuine spirit and tendency of the rule is not to turn ornament to use; it is the converse of ~~it~~, and instructs

structs us only to make utility the subject of or- *Ver.*
 nament (E). But even this law is not without
 its liberal construction : in the great it must,
 perhaps, be literally interpreted ; yet, like Poe-
 try, Gardening will frequently acquiesce in a
 fiction of utility, accept of an End for a Use,
 and stamp the means which affect it, and the
 just adaption of the ornaments to the seeming
 purpose, with the name and characters of
 Truth.

Under the authority of this general maxim 35
 then, it is obvious that the antient formal style
 of Gardening must necessarily fail : the Gar-
 dener will endeavour to restore to Nature what-
 ever she has been so long deprived of : but as in
 the infancy of his art there is danger, that in
 destroying the right-lined disposition of his
 ground, he should, as was really the fact, run 47
 into the opposite extreme, a caution is suggested
 against all excessive and overstrained curvatures,
 and that easy line, which is a mean between 51
 them, and which is spontaneously traced in the
 pathway of every Being that moves under the 56
 unaffected direction of Nature, is described
 as the only legitimate source of beauty and ge-
 nuine grace ; or this soft and melting curve the
 application,

Ver. application, we are told, must be universal;
 71 and that not only the pathway, and the outline
 of wood and water must be guided by it, but
 that the form of the surface of the ground itself
 must come under its direction.

But however gracefully it may flow, and
 however considered in itself, it may appear to
 82 be an absolute stranger to geometric rules, yet
 as all parallelisms must thence derive their
 source, even this curve must not be matched
 with its own parallel: the greensward, there-
 fore, through which the pathway winds, must
 be varied in its breadth, and the neighbouring
 objects stand at that variety of distance that
 86 contrast may result; in like manner the surface
 of the ground should be diversified in its form;
 and in every instance, whether of hill, ground-
 plan, or plantation, the idea of pairs must be
 diligently avoided. Without this equality the
 balance may be sufficiently maintained, and the
 means of preserving it are prescribed by Nature
 herself; it is not by copying one feature from
 another that she proceeds to create a harmony of
 parts, she accomplishes this end with more vari-
 ety, nor finds it even necessary to place her cor-
 respondencies at an equal distance from the
 point

point of view ; for to the remote Mountain she ^{ver.}
 frequently opposes the neighbouring Shade or
 Rock, and thus satisfies the expectations of the
 Eye with difference and uniformity at once.
 Hence then Art should derive its rules, and by
 a like opposition of dissimilar objects give poize
 and regularity to the general Composition of
 her Works : the foreground is her proper dis- 105
 trict, here therefore every object, whether of
 surface or plantation, may be formed according
 to the Taste of the Proprietor ; their mutual
 adaption is, consequently, at his disposal, and
 he is accordingly instructed in the manner of
 suiting both their forms and hues, not only to
 each other, but to the distant scenery which is
 beheld from among them.

But in this, and every other operation of 110
 Art, the particular character of the scene must
 be most attentively considered, and cultivation
 assume a manner from the subject with which it
 is connected ; thus the introduction of soil, suffi-
 cient to maintain the vegetation of forest trees
 among the rocky clefts, may prove the means 126
 of removing the black and desolated Air of a
 Scene, whose proper character is Majesty ; and
 thus by a junction of Wood and Rock, and
 thence

Ver. thence a happy contrast of gloom and glitter,
 Dignity may be made to supersede a cold and
 139 forbidding aspect. The swelling Hillock may
 be made to vary the fatiguing sameness of the
 Flat, while this again, opposed by Plantations,
 may result in an animated and cheerful Land-
 145 scape; and in like manner variety may be intro-
 duced into the very Thicket, its uniform darkness
 may be chequered by clearing away the inferi-
 or wood, while the remaining Shade will bor-
 row dignity from the contrasted Light that is
 152 thus admitted into it; the rivulet too should
 here be allowed to sparkle in the sun and assist
 the opposition; and thus we see not only the
 balance well adjusted, but the cure that may,
 by attention to its genius, be applied to the de-
 fects of each particular species of scenery.

159 But of all the purposes on which the charac-
 ter of a Scene should be consulted, that is the
 most important which determines the mode of
 159 adapting ornament to Use, without permitting
 it to encroach upon the limits by which it should
 be restricted; of these, as we have already ob-
 served, it is the business of the gardener to
 make such a Union, that neither may prove in-
 jurious to the other; ornament must not in-
 fringe

fringe the claims of Utility, while at the same *Ver.*
time, it is essential that Utility should not for-
didly reject the ornament with which it is be-
comingly arrayed. But it is a Truth, which ex-
perience will speedily evince, that nothing is more
difficult than to preserve the proper boundary 161
of these; Pleasure in its wantonness would seek to
appropriate what should be destined to more pro-
fitable purposes; and there is hardly to be found
a profitable Purpose to which ground may be
turned, that is not likely to invade the equitable
claims of Pleasure; the very sheep, in their
browsing, thus destroy the bloom and foliage
which give beauty to the Pathway that steals
round their pasture. Where then is the reme-
dy to be found? in the Fence, alone; we must 167
ascertain their respective Limits; we must di-
vide and yet not disunite, and the expedient is
as practicable as it is necessary; the Fence, by
winding freely, may for ever be withdrawn 170
from the eye, and the very foliage, which it
serves to protect, will at every bend conceal it 170
from the view. The form of the ground, in
each particular instance, will instruct in some
peculiar means of disguising the division, but
in all it should be drawn with that bold line, 178
that the trees and shrubbery which adorn the
pathway, should frequently project into, and

Ver. appear to blend themselves with the field ; while the field, in like manner, should frequently be seen to form recesses among these projected trees ; and here, when the sheep go into these, they will seem to be uncontrolled, and the only evidence to the contrary will afterwards be, that nothing has been destroyed.

245 Having thus far spoken of the Fence, as the necessity for its concealment, and the general form of its line are concerned, the Poem now enters into a more practical discussion of the various kinds that may be resorted to, and the properest means to render them at once effectual and invisible ; and of these, the first that is recommended to our choice, is that which is commonly known by the name of the Sunk
260 Fence ; by this the ground which is seen beyond it, provided its manner of cultivation be any thing similar, appears so intimately and continuously united with that on which we stand ourselves, that it is almost always with surprise the division is discovered ; and hence, as expressive of that passion, it obtained, when first
260 invented, the name of the Ha ! Ha ! The mode of constructing this is specified, and is as
265 follows : Dig deep a trench, and to the base of the side

side from which you look, and which must be *Ver.*
 perpendicular and fronted with stone, the op-
 posite side must be gently sloped from the level
 of the soil; the verdure of this slope must be
 preserved, and the wall which sustains the neigh-
 bouring side, must be covered on its top also 272
 with the green turf, a little raised above the
 surface of the soil. This is the strongest man-
 ner of constructing the Sunk Fence ; but the
 greatest strength is not in every instance neces-
 sary ; it may, indeed, be requisite, in order to
 restrain the Deer, but cattle of a tamer kind, 284
 will be turned without it; the perpendicularity
 and the strong front of the nearer bank may,
 therefore, be here dispensed with, and in their 288
 place a slope, and at midway down a row of
 thorns, defended when young with pointed
 pales, may be substituted ; but this must be kept
 from surmounting the level of the Lawn, and 300
 its surface made always parallel to the bank on
 which it grows.

But the form of the surface of the ground, 305
 the direction in which it is to run, and the na-
 ture of the inconvenience to be excluded, must,
 in every particular case, determine the sort of
 Fence that should be made use of ; that which 306

Ver. we have already seen is best applied, when its line runs directly across the Eye, for in this instance it becomes absolutely invisible; but on the contrary it becomes, of all deformities, itself the most disgusting, if ascending the Hill in front, or in any other manner offering its end to the view, it exhibits only a gaping interruption of the otherwise continuous surface: in these cases, therefore, we must have recourse to new expedients, and if sheep only are to be excluded from the Pathway, a sufficient defence against their inroads may be obtained from network, or wire extended upon common stakes; three rows of stronger cordage stretched between posts must be opposed to horses and oxen (F); but as these are all liable to a thousand injuries and a swift decay, and consequently will require a troublesome degree of attention to keep them in repair, a more durable substitute, but chiefly where the division is at some little distance, is allowed of, and for this purpose a well-constructed paling of wood-work is recommended; but as this again might very probably obtrude itself upon the Eye, while it is not possible that a fence of any kind can be an ornament, we are instructed in the best means of mitigating the

the necessary evil, and preventing its becoming *Ver.*
a defect.

The means then are briefly these ; give to your 362
paling no tawdry glare, but as near as possible
the colour of the ground against which it is
seen ; for thus the Eye shall blend them toge-
ther, and thus the ground in a manner shall
absorb the Fence. And here the poet, strongly
feeling, and wishing to inculcate the necessity
of this precept, is exceedingly particular, and
has left it only for me to reduce his farther in-
structions on this head, to the form of a recipe, in
which, however, I am obliged to omit the quan-
tity of each ingredient, because it must always
depend upon the circumstances of the scenery
in which the paint is made use of ; take then 367
White-Lead, Oker, Blue-Black, and a pro-
portionably small quantity of Verdigrease, and
making of these an oil paint, spread it on the
paling ; the effect of this, if used with judge- 393
ment, will be found fully answerable to the most
sanguine expectations ; the limits, as it were,
retire from the view, and Use and Beauty,
which seemed to have suffered a momentary
divorce, ~~are~~ now indistinguishably united
again.

Ver.

407

But there is a Fence of which the concealment is not equally necessary, a Fence which genuine taste will even rejoice to contemplate, for of genuine taste humanity is the inseparable associate; on the children, therefore, of the labouring Peasants, we are previously desired to confer the charge of superintending all our boundaries, and guarding them from the invasions of herds and flocks; in order to adapt them to this little
430 stewardship, to change their weeds of poverty for a more cleanly and comfortable attire; and arming the infant shepherds with the proper implements of their picturesque office, to employ and post them where they may be even conspicuously seen.

460

From this benevolent precept, the Poet is naturally led to consider the blessings and mental improvements which attend upon the active occupations and the contemplative retirement of the Gardener, and concludes the book with an Episode in which they are eminently illustrated. The scenery of the piece is well deserving of our attentive observation, and the sentiment, however poetically blazoned, stands firm upon the basis of historic evidence.

Cicero

Cicero has spoken of retirement in terms not very different from those which introduce the Tale of Abdalonimus : “ Quis enim hoc non dederit
 “ nobis, ut cum operâ nostrâ Patria five non
 “ possit uti, five nolit, ad eam vitam reverta-
 “ mur, quam multi docti homines, fortasse
 “ non recte, sed tamen multi etiam reipublicæ
 “ præponendam putaverunt.” *Cic. Epist. lib.* 460
ix. epist. vi. But, surely, the Poet has spoken more decisively like a patriot than even this great deliverer of his country himself; he has not preferred secession to the cause of the public; on the contrary, he has described it as a means of cultivating every talent for its service, and a sort of watch-tower from which to look out for the happy moment when they may be called into action; and in the conduct of his Hero, has presented it to us in the light of a school, in which the lessons of magnanimity and moderation are taught; and in which the well-disposed mind, abstracted from the pursuits of the world, will learn the duty of foregoing every private indulgence when the sacrifice may render us the fortunate instruments of restoring prosperity to our country, or extending the happiness of our species.

I do

I do not exclusively challenge for Gardening the whole of those attributes which have been by a thousand writers ascribed to Agriculture at large, any more than I should exclusively claim to the most perfect knowledge of architectural ordonnance the entire eulogy that might be pronounced on the art of constructing habitations. Without the stately column or fretted roof the Savage might receive protection from the storm, and without the picturesque scene the nerves of labour might be braced, and the markets supplied with the ordinary productions of the field: But on the other hand, without some portion of these refinements, are Agriculture and Architecture adapted to the exercise or reception of an English Gentleman? Certainly they are not; and yet, as we are now instructed to dispose the Garden-scene, the occupations of the Farm are not to be excluded from it; the purposes of life are not only attended to, but consulted. Magnificence is no longer a Tyrant, deriving his honours from the desolation of his territories; assuming a milder royalty, he now seeks his chief glory from their fertile state; he sets his polish upon accommodation, and it is henceforward Utility that the King delighteth to honour. What, therefore, can now be said in

in the praise of Agriculture that may not be extended to Gardening, with this additional felicity, that being endowed with Pleasures of its own, it counteracts the guilty temptations of fashionable Vice, and renders the favourites of Fortune partakers with the peasant in the blessings of innocency and health, without, at the same time, imposing upon them the necessity of sharing in his toil; enjoying at once the opportunities of salubrious exercise and contemplative leisure, unaffected by the little cares of the world, and unalienated by seeing their unamiable influence upon others, exempt, so far as human nature can be exempt, from the assaults of irretrievable disappointments, Contentment, which generates the love of man, and a sense of gratitude which, if not the thing itself, must necessarily result in the love of God, take possession of their hearts, and assume the conduct of their virtuous lives; and hence, with the man who tills his own ground, the Gardener may be justly characterized as “one who inflicts no terror; who entertains no hostile disposition, but is an universal friend; whose hands, unstained with blood, are devoutly consecrated to that God who blesses his orchards, his vine-
tage,

tage, his threshing-floor, and his plough ; who vindicates his equality in an equal state, and strenuously opposes himself to the constitutional encroachments of Aristocratic or Monarchic Power." (G)

COM-

COMMENTARY

ON THE

THIRD BOOK.

IN an apostrophe to his memory, the Poet now introduces his late lamented friend, Mr. Gray, as delivering his opinion on the subject of the present Poem, and declaring the preference which he gave to the works of Nature over every effort of Art. We are not, however, to conceive that he condemned her just exertions, because he prefers the more majestic sublimity of Nature; the contrary inference will follow from the precept with which he closes his animated counsel: for after he has showed the inferiority of art's creative powers, he yet proceeds to regulate her conduct, and stating her proper office, advises her to conform to the Canon of Nature, and only to curb every fantastic or capricious variation from her great example. (H)

The

Ver.

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 1

The subject of the English Garden is not, like that of Thomson's Seasons, a mere descriptive Eulogy on the luxuriances and beauties of Nature; it is preceptive, and its end is to polish Husbandry, and instruct us in the art of preserving those very beauties as far as may be reconcilable with the necessities of cultivation: these had, in the antient mode of Gardening, been altogether superseded; to teach the means, therefore, of recalling them is, surely, not setting up Art as a rival to Nature, it is making it subservient and contributory to her ends. If the rude magnificence of untouched Nature could consist with appropriation, it would be unnecessary to prescribe any rule; but when we know that it cannot, and that heretofore a false idea of beauty has been entertained, shall we, therefore, depreciate the value of the lesson that conveys a better? Or shall we, because the praise of Nature is higher than that of Art, declare that Art is not deserving of our attention? The argument, that on this ground would militate against the English Garden, will be found to go a great deal farther, and extend to the subversion of every other imitative art as well as the Art of Gardening.

As

As we have all along considered the Garden *Ver.*
as a Picture, so we are under the necessity of
considering the unadorned and naked soil as the
Painter's canvas, and consequently, of looking
on every means of ornament as the pencils and
colours with which he is to work. But the
canvas, with the coarse outlines of the scene,
are supplied by Nature; the former Book has
corrected the drawing; and now we come to
give it all the variety of tints that WOOD and
WATER can afford; from these it is true the
landscape will derive its most important charms
of light and shadow, they are nevertheless re-
presented only in the light of superadded, though
natural, ornaments, as not being essential to
the existence of the scene which, considered in
this light, we see may subsist without them.
From the conduct of the Pathway, the Fence, 63
and the Ground-plan, therefore, the subject
now changes first to the proper disposition of
WOOD; and the picturesque purposes of plant-
ing being to conceal deformities and create or-
nament, the Planter, though it is declared un- 87
necessary for him to be an adept in all the sci-
ence of the Naturalist, with respect to the clas-
sification of trees, is yet required skilfully to 96
know their several forms, their sizes, their co-
lours,

Ver. lours, their manner of growing, and other external characters, in order that he may be always able to apply them respectively to those purposes which they are best adapted to answer; for his ignorance of these may lead him into
 103 bad mistakes; the Pine, for instance, by its quick growth and branching arms, seems well calculated to shut out the low wall or fence from the view, yet a better acquaintance with its habits, will shew its unsuitness; for as it rises it is
 115 found to shake off those very arms that might serve to tempt the planter to use it. Box, therefore, and Holly, &c. are declared more eligible here, because they are found to thicken below, and being planted not for their own beauty, but to hide what is defective in other objects, may be brought by the pruning knife to any form that most effectually promotes this
 118 end. But above all plants, the Laurel has received a preference from the Poet, as at once both answering this purpose, and being in itself
 136 also positively beautiful. With these evergreens, it is farther recommended to blend such indigenous shrubs as are of early bloom, and though the utmost nicety of selection be not
 150 attended to, yet we are promised a good general effect, one rule only being observed, which

which is to range the darker foliage behind as a ^{Ver.} ground to fling forward that which has a brighter hue, and, in Autumn, by their undecaying verdure, to give brilliancy to the russet colour which is acquired by the dying deciduous leaves; but this latter reason is not insisted on, the Spring and Summer being deemed of more important consideration: in order, however, to prevent any breach in the screen from the decay of leaves in Winter, the greatest care must be taken to preserve the line of Evergreens entire.

Such is the remedy for low deformities, but to exclude those of loftier stature, the intervention of forest-trees, so planted as not to overhang the underwood-shrubbery, is required; and these may be so managed, as that while they conceal a part they may, at the same time, convert the remainder of a structure even to an ornamental object. When the barn-like choir and chancel of a country Church, for instance, are by means of such a screen as this shut out from the view, what can afford a more pleasing appearance than the tower which remains among the deep-shadowing foliage that has served to conceal them?

Ver.

185

It only now remains to consider planting in the light of ornament, and as it serves at once to harmonize, and give energy to that opposition of light and shade which results, perhaps, too tenderly from the easy surface of the soil. To the general maxims delivered in the first book upon this subject, the following more particular precepts are therefore now added, and taken together, the whole may be considered as a complete code of all the laws that relate to this subject.

195

Where the ground is so elevated as to be itself an obstruction, the interposition of foliage cannot any farther abridge the view. Plant boldly, therefore, on such a brow, it is itself your object; its beauty must arise from the richness of its vesture, and consequently the trees with which it is clothed must be closely planted together; but on the plain beneath they must be set
200 single, or at wide intervals, and this without any seeming order or the visible interference of art.

210

Art must, however, in reality interfere, and that for many purposes; the indiscriminating hand might else exclude an eligible distance by
the

the interposition of trees which spread their ^{Ver.}
tops and hang their impenetrable branches,
while, under her correction, the scene may be
preserved, and sufficient wood obtained by
planting only such as bear an airy foliage on
light and lofty stems.

She must superintend the choice of trees des- 219
tined to form either clumps or an extensive
shade, and for this purpose select such only as
are of similar character, size, and colour, and
also bear their leaves in the same season.

She will hearken to the dictates of Nature, 226
and carefully avoiding every transgression
against her laws, will adapt her plants only to
such soils and situations as are favourable to
their culture.

Avoiding disproportion, she will forbear to 232
plant the Lawn with low clumps of shrubbery,
and, instead of incongruously attempting there
to interpose their diminutive stature for the sake
of variety, will range them contiguous to the
pathway, where alone they can have conse-
quence, and where the eye may either dwell
upon their peculiar beauties, or altogether look
beyond them.

Ver.

240

She will teach us also to cultivate only the hardy indigenous race of trees, and to avoid the introduction of exotics into the general scene, from which an ill-adapted climate will soon snatch them, and so leave a blank. This doctrine the Poet has enforced and exemplified in a fictitious tale, which, however, he concludes with a little abatement of his interdiction; for he allows, that if a taste for foreign plants must be gratified, it may be indulged in some lateral seclusion from the general scene sheltered from every rougher blast, and open only in mild and favourable aspects.

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301

313

The subject of planting being now concluded with a very brief recapitulation, referring the particular instances to good taste, and limiting every precept that would attempt to regulate this to little more than prohibitory caution, a subsequent evil is suggested, which is the overgrowth of trees beyond the line they were intended to describe, by means of which, when the effect is obtained it is almost as soon lost; but the Planter whose materials (in this differing from those of the Painter) will not retain their forms, is assured of his remedy in attention; and of being able to restore his outline by introducing

ducing the axe and pruning knife to cut off the *Ver.*
luxuriance that has infringed those limits which
his picturesque idea had originally prescribed.

Care then, we perceive, is necessary to pre- 343
serve what Taste had created, but this necessity,
we are told, should not yet discourage us from
the pursuit of beauty: Mutability is a common
lot, and the possibility of Winter-torrents 349
might be equally well urged against the intro-
duction of Water into a Scene, or that it is 350
liable to be dried away by violent Summer heats.
And here the Poet, by means of this exempli-
fication, with great address changes his theme 354
from Wood to WATER; he seems to pant be-
neath the fervours he has just described, and
seeking a refuge in the coolness of the element
he has named, assumes the latter as a subject
which the heat he sustains has rendered grateful
to his mind.

The tendency which Nature has bestowed 359
upon every portion of her works is vindicated
to them as a species of right, and that of
Fluidity being an active descent to the lowest
beds, the false principles upon which the
French, as described by Rapin, have endea-
voured

Ver. voured to give an upward current to water by
 means of Jet d'eaux, with all their fantastic
 varieties, are censured as an infringement of its
 equitable claims; while the dank bottom
 379 ground, which is, on that account, unfavour-
 able to vegetation, is declared to be the proper
 receptacle of this element. Here then, if
 381 sufficiently copious, let it spread; or, if more
 383 scantily supplied, and that the declivity of the
 soil be such as to afford it a channel, let it rather
 assume the form of a river; for to this, Extent
 which is in general beyond the reach of Art,
 and yet the usual character of natural lakes, is
 not acquired. But, be the disposition what it
 385 may, we are desired in either case to give to
 water an air of freedom in its outline, and a
 bolder curve than that which has been already
 prescribed for the pathway; the natural reason
 of which precept is, that the base of every little
 inequality in the ground jets into and turns it,
 and consequently, as it is unable to climb and
 surmount these, it must receive them as limits
 to its bed or channel. These, it is true, the tor-
 rent may cut or wear away, and hence the
 rocky and perpendicular bank has its original;
 but unless we have the means to supply a torrent
 speed to our artificial rivers, this species of
 margin

margin is not a proper subject for our imitation. *For.*

Though the river has obtained a preference 398
on account of the difficulty of giving sufficient
greatness to the lake, the latter is not, how-
ever, proscribed, and the smallest extent of water
is allowed of for the purpose of reflecting fo-
liage and its accidents, and as a scene for
Water-fowl, &c. provided that it be in a
sequestered situation, and well surrounded with
forest-trees; but unless so bounded, these di-
minutive pools are declared to be absolutely
inadmissible, nothing being more obnoxious to
the eye than such palpable patches; for even
the greatest rivers, if by their windings they
are rendered seemingly discontinuous, and are
caught only at broken intervals, are adjudged
disgusting, being thus reduced to pools, unless
indeed they afford a considerable stretch of
water contiguous to the beholder's station, in
which case the eye is carried on to their dis-
tances, and thus unites their divided parts without
any other assistance.

Fill then the channel you give to the water, 438
provided the best effect of river is fought for,
in

Ver. in order that it may not be interrupted in its windings, - but still demonstrate its own continuance; but when this has in reality found its determination, let the eye there encounter some strong feature of wood or hill seemingly interposed; for beyond this, if conducted with
 419 judgment, the imagination will certainly continue to prolong the stream. And here a consideration of the necessity we lie under of procuring abundant supplies of water for all these purposes, leads the Poet to a direct prohibition of every attempt to introduce this great natural ornament, unless we can give it perfection from such supplies.

423 The flat lake and low-bedded river being thus dismissed, we now come to the rules which teach the streams to descend with beauty from their higher sources to the vallies underneath. But first, the false taste of our ancestors, which conducted water thus circumstanced down by steps, as it were, and for resting-places, disposed it in short canals, so ranged one beneath another as in profile to afford the appearance of stairs, but of length and continuance from some one favoured point of view, is censured
 429 as deserving only our contempt, which we ought

ought to bestow still more liberally on that ^{Ver.} mode of communication which conveys it from those above to those below by flights of narrow stairs, whether it is suffered at all times to trickle down, or hoarded, on account of its scarcity, to be devolved only at long and arbitrary intervals ; for the cascade, such as Nature has exhibited, and such alone is recommended to our present purpose, requires an abundant store of water, which must first be provided ere imitation is attempted, and instead of narrow steps 438 requires a vast mound to fall over (I), which, 450 when raised, must have its front beautified with rocks to shape the fall, and give it the majestic rudeness of Nature. (K) 462

But as the possession of these more magnificent features of landscape is beyond the limits of most men's power, every attempt to atchieve them without a previous certainty of success is discouraged, and we are desired to acquiesce in the enjoyment of the little rivulet which waters almost every scene ; nay its improvement, if requisite, is permitted ; but this must be made to correspond exactly with its character : it is not the office of genuine art here to stagnate the lively stream into width of lake, or by retarding its 473

Ver. its current to give it the form of a flow-moving
 490 river; on the contrary, she will try to fret, and
 so to increase its murmuring course as to con-
 tinue it still, only in a higher degree, what
 Nature originally formed it.

On the secluded margin of one of these clear
 rivulets, the Poet presenting himself as seated,
 there testifying the fitness of such a situation to
 excite Fancy, and in a short history of his own
 life giving an instance how constantly he has
 been enamoured of this kind of aquatic scenery,
 proceeds to confer a form and voice upon the
 lovely stream that has so strongly captivated his
 imagination. That voice which he has thus
 bestowed, he accordingly makes her now raise,
 and concludes the book with a recital of the
 531 Song, in which she aptly renders the several
 qualities of her little current so many examples
 542 of virtue to human Nature: her reflection of
 the ray she receives from the sun reads to man a
 546 lesson of gratitude; the nurture afforded to
 every little flower that embroiders her banks,
 of extensive benevolence; she seeks the lowliest
 vale for the path of her waters, and thence
 549 rebukes the aspiring career of Ambition; she
 calls on Sloth to mark her brisk and unceasing
 current;

current ; and swelling to an indignant torrent Ver.
 effectually to resist the Tyranny of Art, con- 552
 temptuously derides the servile Spirit ; she then 555
 commissions her Poet to report her counsels,
 and with a warning voice to pronounce the 539
 vices she has reprobated to be the cause of a na-
 tion's overthrow ; but, if neglected, himself to
 take the lesson and monopolize the profits he is
 denied the means of communicating ; and thus
 we become almost persuaded that we find the
 assertion of Shakespear's Duke in *As you like it*,
 even literally verified, the little brook has in-
 structed us in good ;

- “ And thus a life exempt from public haunt
 “ Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
 streams,
 “ Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.”

COMMENTARY
ON THE
FOURTH BOOK.

SIMPLICITY having already reformed the taste and corrected the false principles of Gardening; delineated the genuine curve of Nature; instructed us in the means of uniting Beauty with Use, and to this end concealed the necessary fence which forms their common limit; having promulged the laws of Planting, and directed the proper course or bed for Water, is once more invoked to continue her assistance, while the Poet proceeds now to the consideration of artificial ornaments, that is, of such works of Architecture and Sculpture as may, without derogation from its dignity, be admitted into the Garden Scene.

But this is not the whole, for the fourth Book not only extends to artificial ornament, but is

Ver. a kind of recapitulation of all that has gone before, which, exclusive of variety, the declared purpose of its Author, gives, even in point of strict propriety, a preference to the form of a tale in which it is conceived ; for were it preceptively written, it must have been restricted to its single subject, while the ordinary rules of composition allow a latitude and allot the business of exemplification and enforcement to the conclusion. The demefne of ALCANDER accordingly shews us not the example only from which we may, on the present portion of the subject, deduce for ourselves the rule, but in its general disposition demonstrates the great advantage of attending to every rule that has been already prescribed.

These, however, have been considered in their respective places, and therefore it only remains for me to discuss the principles of artificial ornament as they are set forth in the practice of ALCANDER.

- 65 All vestiges of former Art being obliterated, and Nature restored to her original simplicity, the study of congruity in ornament is the first maxim that offers itself to our observation ;
and

and therefore, if the principal structure or man- *Ver.*
 sion be Gothic, the ornamental buildings
 should be made to agree with it. Even such 80
 necessary structures as the offices of a Farm, sel-
 dom ornamental in themselves, may, at a
 proper distance, receive this character; by
 being masked with the fictitious ruins of a cas-
 tle they will appear as if the reliques of an
 antient fortress had been turned to the purposes
 of husbandry, and thus, instead of offending
 the sight, be converted to a correspondent and
 even a noble object; while a mouldering Ab- 80
 bey will better serve to conceal those domestic 95
 structures that stand nearer to the view.

But not only the mutual agreement of build-
 ings should be attended to, but their agreement
 with the circumstances of the scene in which
 they are introduced; the Castle, for instance,
 should derive the probability of having stood
 in former ages, from a situation in which
 it is probable that a former age would have
 placed it for the purposes of defence and
 strength; to this, therefore, an elevated situa-
 tion is adapted, while a secluded recess and
 contiguity to running water, are not among the
 least essential characters of the Abbey, which

Ver. should, now that time is supposed to have passed over it, stand backed with wood, and so sunk in shade as to give it an air of antique solemnity; for the great and venerable tree will be considered as a kind of witness to its age, while diligence should be used to bring forward the growth of Ivy to assist in giving credit to the fiction.

Still farther, in every ornamental building of whatsoever kind, an agreement of its parts among themselves is to be maintained; in those already instanced it is requisite that every character of each should be preserved with the most scrupulous precision: omission of parts indeed may be justified by the supposition of ruin and decay; but what can palliate the absurdity of annexing parts unknown to antiquity, and altogether foreign from the original purposes of such a structure?

These are the greatest possible artificial features, and as they must necessarily preclude all littleness, and consequently exceed the abilities of most improvers, they are converted to uses which must, undoubtedly, be somewhere complied with, and which will, therefore, de-
fray

fray at least some part of the charges. These *Ver.* also belong to the general scenery, and consequently admit of no dispensation either with respect to their greatness, or propriety in the manner of constructing them. The inference is obvious: where the execution, from its proper point of view, cannot amount to absolute deception, let the attempt be altogether relinquished: to fictitious buildings of this nature I have never yet heard an objection (and many an objection I have heard) that in substance extended farther than to such as are ill performed, and against such I am as ready to give my voice as the severest critic that has ever passed judgment upon them. (L)

But, apart from the general, there is also 119 another species of scenery to which alone the ornament may be referred without considering its relation to the whole: Thus, if the valley be so sunk as to make no part of the prospect, the structure that adorns it may be adapted rather to this of which it will constitute an important feature, than to the whole, of which, by the supposition, it makes no part at all; to this retired valley, therefore, if watered by a rapid stream, the grotto is well adapted, for the
water

Ver. water trickling through its roof, will serve to keep it always cool for refreshment; but even here within itself, consistency of ornament must be attended to; and whether the scene in which it is placed be inland, or in view of the ocean, the building must only be incrusted with the productions that are natural to its situation and the soil.

- 173 The Flower-Garden also comes under this description; and therefore it is required, that it shall stand apart from the general scene, and be whatever it is within itself; some glade or sheltered seclusion is consequently its proper situation. The form and disposition of the flower-beds, though very irregular, must not appear broken into too many round and disjointed patches, but only seem to interrupt the green-sward walks, which, like the mazy herbage that in forest-scenes usually surround the underwood tufts of thorn, wind carelessly among them, and running from side to side through every part of the scene, frequently meet the gravel path that leads round the whole. The Flower-Garden being professedly a work of art, will no more desire to catch prospects beyond its own limits than it seeks to be seen from without itself;

itself; the internal scenery, therefore, must ^{Ver.} consist of objects adapted to a neighbouring eye, ²⁰⁶ present it with graceful architectural forms, and call to mind, by their emblems, the Virtues and the Arts that deserve our cultivation, or by their busts the names of men, who, by cultivating these, have deserved our grateful remembrance.

But among all the ornaments of the Flower-Garden, the Conservatory is intitled to the pre-eminence; great, however, as it may be rendered, it is not yet requisite that its style should coincide with that of the mansion; it stands in a separate scene, there forms the principal feature, and, consequently, instead of receiving, should itself prescribe the mode to which every inferior ornament must be made to conform. ²¹²

Separation from the general scene is likewise ³¹⁴ requisite for the recess where domestic fowl are reared; and as these are of two kinds, the land and the aquatic, their little demesne must consist of parts adapted to the habits of each: the lake studded with small islands and surrounded with a grassy bank, will afford them every accommodation of this nature; and the narrow- ³²⁵ nefs

Ver. nefs of the space required will give propriety to the introduction of some classic emblematical ornaments; while the whole animated plot may be enjoyed from a bower or rustic seat, so situated as at once to comprehend it all, and so circumstanced as to shut out the glare of the noontide sun by the means of climbing shrubbery, which will serve at the same time to invest the wall and conceal the masonry of which this bower must necessarily be constructed.

These three consistencies, for such they may be called, with the scene, with each other, and of each within itself, being thus declared necessary to artificial ornaments, and exemplified in a Gothic scheme, the manner of maintaining them, where the mansion or principal structure is of Greek Architecture, is now prescribed; and here, instead of the majestic Ruin, the great ornaments of the general scene should rather consist of the Temple, the Obelisk, the Column, or triumphal Arch. The fragment, however, of the Gothic Structure is not to be considered as an inconsistency in England; it may be the residue of an age that actually once existed; it has, consequently, a kind of prescriptive right to its station, and should not there-

therefore be obliged to conform; while the ^{Ver.} Greek buildings that are raised to suit the man- ₄₀₀ sion must be made to appear its modern cotemporaries, the idea of a Greek Ruin in England being a contradiction both to history and experience.

Every argument to prove the necessity of ⁴⁰³ maintaining consistency, being in a manner exhausted, it remained only for the Poet with ridicule to explode the heterogeneous miscellanies of buildings which have been sometimes drawn together from remote parts of the earth, and by a comic painting of the puerile chaos to render it contemptible in our eyes.

As it seems to have been our Author's inten- ⁶³⁹ tion to select from the variety of buildings, which have usually found a place in our modern Gardens, such as were capable of being introduced with the greatest congruity, and, when so introduced, capable of producing the best effect, he could not well overlook, that most common of them all, the Hermitage; he has therefore allotted to it a situation retired and solitary; but, as the melancholy circumstances of his tale led him to do, he has also made it a kind

Ver. kind of monumental structure; here as elsewhere, by example and precept, conveying to us these important lessons, that such melancholy memorials should only be raised where a real interest in their object gives them propriety, and that where the circumstance recorded is
 648 near the heart, simplicity should be most studiously consulted, as emblems and unappropriated ornaments must necessarily prove contemptible to a mind which is too much in earnest to derive any pleasure from fiction. (M)

Although it has been my province to divide what the poet has most closely interwoven, to decompound, as it were, this part of the Poem, and separate the preceptive maxims from the tender narrative in which they are involved, I cannot, however, conclude without observing that this book appears to me to be *unique* in its kind, as combining with infinite address in one natural whole, the dramatic, the descriptive, and the didactic *genera* of writing. To elucidate the last is all that I have attempted; and if what I have written tends, in any sort, to give the less attentive kind of readers a clearer conception of the general plan of the Poem, and of the connexion of its parts with each other,
 it

it will add considerably to the pleasure I have *Ver.*
already enjoyed in this agreeable occupation.

Having now finished the whole of his subject, 665
he concludes this book, as he had done the first,
with an address to those of his countrymen who
have a relish for the politer arts; but as an in-
terval of more than ten years had past between
the times when the first and fourth books were
written, that art, therefore, which in the former
he exhorts them to practise for the embellishment
of a then prosperous country, in the latter he
recommends, merely for the purpose of amuse- 672
ment and self-consolation, at a period when the
freedom and prosperity of that country lay op-
pressed beneath the weight of an immoral, a
peculating, a sanguinary, and desolating system.
History, when she transmits the records of the
year 1781, will best convince posterity that this
conclusion of the Poem had in it as much pro-
priety when it was written, as they will feel that
it has pathos when they peruse it.

It is reserved for me to conclude this Commen-
tary in a happier hour: When a great and un-
expected ministerial revolution gives us good
reason to hope that the sword which was drawn

to obliterate the rights of mankind, and cut up the securities of Property, will soon hide its disappointed and guilty edge in its scabbard; that Commerce will once more return with opulence to our shores; and that a just, a generous, and a liberal Policy will scorn to restrain her benefits to a single district of a great and united Empire. I have only to ask of Heaven to hasten the maturity of these blessings; to give them perpetuity; and, instead of suffering a barbarous and debilitating luxury to grow upon that prosperity of which it has thus afforded us a prospect, to invigorate our very amusements, and teach us with a manly and patriot pride, in the hours of peace and relaxation, to aim at lifting our country to that superiority in genuine Arts which we have so lately begun to vindicate to her in just and honourable Arms.

THE END OF THE COMMENTARY.

May 30, 1782.

NOTES

N O T E S

UPON THE

P O E M

AND

COMMENTARY.

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THE END OF THE COMMENTARY.

May 30, 1782.

NOTES

N O T E S

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Such of the following Notes as are marked with numeral Letters and the number of the Verse refer to the Poem, and were inserted by the Author in the former quarto Editions of its separate books. Those marked with the capital Letters of the Alphabet and the Page refer to the Commentary.

N O T E S
UPON
BOOK THE FIRST
AND ITS
COMMENTARY.

NOTE I. Verse 30.

At this sad hour, my desolated soul.

THIS Poem was begun in the year 1767, not long after the death of the amiable person here mentioned. See *Epitaph the first in the Author's Poems.*

NOTE A. Page 121.

I think it proper to apprise my Reader, that I use the general term GARDENING for that peculiar species of modern improvement which is the subject of the Poem, as it is distinguished

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from

from common horticulture and planting.—
The Gardener in my sense, and in that of the Poet, bears the same relation to the Kitchen-Gardener that the Painter does to the House-Painter.

NOTE B: Page 130.

The few descriptions of Gardens which occur in the writers of antiquity, cut off all hope of obtaining any classical aid to the art. In that of Alcinous the charm consists not in the happy disposition of the little plot, for it was hedged in and contained only four acres, but in the supernatural eternity of its bloom and verdure, and the perpetual maturity of its fruits. The hanging gardens of Babylon, and of the Egyptian Thebes, like the pastures on the roof of Nero's golden palace, are rather to be considered as the caprices of Architecture. The younger Cyrus, according to Xenophon's account of his occupations, had, perhaps, a more just idea of magnificence, yet still the orderly arrangement of his quincunxes could never have consisted with the picturesque principle. If we turn to the primitive Romans, their Agrarian laws, however ill executed, directly operated against this art, and we find

Cincinnatus

Cincinnatus called not from his Garden but his Farm to assume the government of his country ; and as to the Liternum of Scipio, that simplicity of life, which is so highly applauded by Seneca, and the very little care he took even to accommodate himself there, will give us reason to believe that he rather neglected than overpolished his villa. Cicero was a professed admirer of *topiary works*, which exactly correspond with the green statuary, the espaliers, and trellis-work of our own old gardens :
 “ Trahitur enim Cupressus in picturâs opere
 “ historiali, venustus classesse, et imagines
 “ rerum tenui folio, brevique et virente super-
 “ pectiens.” *Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 6. cap. 33.*

From the laboured description which the Younger Pliny has given us of his own Tuscan Villa, we may at once infer the truth of our Poet's panegyric on the general appearance of Italy, and also that Gardening had not improved at Rome beneath the imperial yoke. Nothing can exceed the beauty of that scenery which this elegant writer has laid before us :
 “ A Theatre, such as Nature alone could con-
 “ struct, is presented to our eye : a Valley is
 “ extended at the foot of the surrounding Ap-
 “ penine,

“ penine, whose loftiest summits are crowned
 “ with old patrician Forests, while the de-
 “ scending sides are covered with foliage, there
 “ only interrupted where some bold projections
 “ lift their heads above it: Vineyards extended
 “ on every side occupy the base of the moun-
 “ tain, while the valley beneath looks chearful
 “ with meadows and cornfields, and all the
 “ varieties of inclosure and cultivation; the
 “ whole is fertilized by eternal rills which are
 “ yet no where collected in a stagnant lake, but
 “ hurry down the declivities of the ground
 “ into the Tiber, which, forming here a vast
 “ navigable stream, and reflecting the whole
 “ landscape from his smooth surface, divides
 “ the valley in the midst.”

Such are the glowing scenes of Italy, and
 how well adapted they are to the canvas Pliny
 himself has perceived; for he declares, “ the
 “ view before him to resemble a picture beau-
 “ tifully composed, rather than a work of Na-
 “ ture accidentally delivered.”

And now, having contemplated the prospect,
 it is time to turn our eye to the proprietor, and
 the character of that foreground from which he

was

was pleased to enjoy it. Behold him then hemmed in by a narrow inclosure, surrounded with a graduated mound, tracing, perhaps, his own or his Gardener's name scribbled in some sort of herbage upon a formal parterre, or ranging in allies formed of boxen pyramids and unshorn apple-trees placed alternately, in order, as he declares himself, "happily to blend rusticity with the works of more polished art;" nay, it is even possible that seated now upon a perforated bench, so contrived as, under the pressure of his weight, to fling up innumerable jets d'eau, he thence takes in the view of this "vast Theatre of Nature" from between the figures of fantastic monsters or the jaws of wild beasts, into which he has shorn a row of box-trees at the foot of an even sloping terras. In brief, in a foreground probably designed, but certainly applauded by the Younger Pliny, no vestige of Nature is suffered to remain; and if, from a man of his erudition and accomplishments, we receive no better a model for our imitation, I believe we may safely infer, that however lovely Italian scenery in general may be to the eye, the search of classic aid to the Art of Gardening must prove absolutely fruitless: By
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one of his contemporaries, it is true, the defective taste of his age was observed, but the censure affords an argument of its universality while it exempts only the sensible individual who pronounced it.

In vallem Egeriæ descendimus, et speluncas
 Dissimileis veris. Quanto præstantius esset
 Numen Aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas
 Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum.

Juven. Sat. iii. ver. 17.

The villa of the Gordiani, described by J. Capitolinus, is in much the same stile, nor does that of Dioclesian seem to have possessed any advantage over it.

I should not name the fictitious Garden of Psyche, as delineated in very general terms by Apuleius, but for the purpose of introducing one of a much later date, described by his commentator Beroaldus, and so illustrating the equally defective Taste of modern “superstitious Italy.” “Behold then the fairest and most magnificent seat subsisting in the territories of Bologna in the year 1510; and we find its beauties to consist of a marble fountain, in a green inclosure, throwing the water up by means

means of siphons; of a fish-pond annexed to this; and of a long and right-lined canal between two parallel stone-walls, while another stone-wall of ten feet high, but broad enough at top to admit of two persons walking abreast on it, completely excludes the view of the country and of the natural river from which this canal is supplied with water." In the year 1550 we find a Cardinal a Valle, at Rome, employed in erecting a hanging Garden on the columns of his palace. Strada, who was himself a Roman, gives us his own idea of a perfect Garden in the middle of the last century, and like that of Pliny, it principally consists of jets d'eau and green statuary: And Bishop Burnet, in the year 1685, describes the Borromean Garden in the Lago Maggiore, as

" rising from the lake by five rows of terrasses
 " on the three sides of the Garden that are
 " watered by the lake; the stairs are no-
 " ble, the walls are all covered with Oran-
 " ges and Citrons, and a more beautiful spot
 " of a Garden cannot be seen." He afterwards informs us, in more general terms, that

" the Gardens of Italy are made at great cost :
 " the statues and fountains are very rich and
 " noble ;

“ noble; the grounds are well laid out, and the
 “ walks are long and even, but they are so
 “ high-scented by plots made with box, that
 “ there is no pleasure to walk in them; they
 “ also lay their walks between hedges that
 “ one is much confined in them. In many of
 “ their Gardens there goes a course of water
 “ round the walls, about a foot from the
 “ ground, in a channel of stone that goes
 “ round the side of the wall.” So here is an
 Italian Garden, walled round, watered by
 fountains, and an elevated stone-channel at its
 extremities, and divided into box-plots by long,
 even, high-hedged walks; “ but they have no
 “ gravel,” he says, “ to make these firm and
 “ beautiful like those we have in England;”
 and hence, perhaps, it is that the judgment of
 Addison, who visited that country but a little
 after, may be accounted for; for he says,
 “ their Gardens then contained a large extent
 “ of ground covered over with an agreeable
 “ mixture of Garden and Forest, which re-
 “ present every where an artificial rudeness,
 “ much more charming than that neatness and
 “ elegance which we meet with in our own
 “ country;” but he bestows the same encom-
 mium

mium upon the Gardens of France, where there is but little reason to believe that he really found a better stile than that which prevailed at home; he desired to reform a mode that disgusted him; he saw the fault and wished to avoid it, but had never formed an idea of the perfection to which it was possible the art could be carried; whatever differed from the obnoxious track he had been used to afforded him satisfaction, and this he probably exaggerated to himself, and was glad to make use of as an example to his doctrines. It is not very likely that Mr. Addison, if he were still living, would now bestow the exalted title of heroic Poets upon the designers of Kensington Gardens: But the fact is, we were in his time the apes of France in this as well as in every other frippery device of Fashion, and Le Nautre alike presided over the taste of Gardening in both countries. Rapin is childish in his precepts; Stevens, a century before him, delivered nearly the same in prose; and I cannot find that France, at any previous time, afforded an instance of a practice better than they have prescribed. The genius of Petrarch, I grant, is in some respect visible at Vaucluse; but who

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has dared to tread in his footsteps? But I do not design minutely to trace the history of French Gardening. It is my purpose only to confirm the assertion of the Poet, who vindicates the Art he sings to his own country; and this, I think, I have sufficiently done, by enquiring into its state upon the Continent, and chiefly in Italy, down to the time about which it seems to have had its commencement in England; but though admired by some of their travellers who have visited this country, it is not yet adopted by them, and consequently no modern claim can come into competition with ours. Mr. Gray has asserted our originality in this particular, and Algarotti has acknowledged it*. The Art is, therefore, our own, and consequently the Poem, which, undertakes to impart its principles, has a right to intitle itself the ENGLISH GARDEN.

NOTE C. Page 141.

In a postscript which the Author annexed to the quarto edition of the fourth book of this Poem, in which he gave a general analysis of the whole, and answered certain objections

* See Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray, Let. 8. Sect. 5.

which

which had been made to particular passages in it, he thus vindicates himself for having prescribed the demolition of vistas, which had been defended as having in themselves a considerable share of intrinsic beauty: "I am," says he, "myself far from denying this, I only assert that their beauty is not picturesque beauty; and, therefore, that it is to be rejected by those who follow picturesque principles. It is architectural beauty, and accords only with architectural works. Where the Artist follows those principles, vistas are certainly admissible; and the French, who have so long followed them, have, therefore, not improperly (though one cannot help smiling at the title) given us, in their Dictionary of Sciences, an article of *Architecture du Jardinage*. But did Gaspar Poussin, or Claude Lorrain, ever copy those beauties on their canvas? Or would they have produced a picturesque effect by their means if they had? I think this single consideration will induce every person of common taste to allow that these two principles oppose one another; and that whenever they appear together, they offend the eye of the beholder by their heterogeneous beauty. If, therefore, vistas are ever to be admitted, or rather to be retained, it is only

where they form an approach to some superb mansion so situated that the principal prospect and ground allotted to picturesque improvement lie entirely on the other side ; so much so that the two different modes of planting can never appear together from any given point of view ; and this is the utmost that I can concede on the subject."

NOTE II. Verse 395.

With stone. Egregious madnefs ; yet pursu'd

Although this seems to be the principle upon which this false taste was founded, yet the error was detected by one of our first writers upon architecture. I shall transcribe the passage, which is the more remarkable as it came from the quaint pen of Sir Henry Wotton : " I must
 " note," says he, " a certain contrariety between building and gardening : for as
 " bricks should be regular, so gardens should
 " be irregular, or at least cast into a very wild
 " regularity. To exemplify my conceit, I
 " have seen a Garden, for the manner
 " chance incomparable, into which the first
 " access was a high walk like a terras, from
 " whence might be taken a general view of
 " the

“ the whole plot below, but rather in a de-
 “ lightful confusion, than with any plain dis-
 “ tinction of the pieces. From this the be-
 “ holder descending many steps, was after-
 “ wards conveyed again by several mountings
 “ and valings, to various entertainments of his
 “ scent and sight : which I shall not need to
 “ describe, for that were poetical ; let me on-
 “ ly note this, that every one of these diversifi-
 “ ties, was as if he had been magically trans-
 “ ported into a new garden.” Were the ter-
 ras and the steps omitted, this description would
 seem to be almost entirely conformable to our
 present ideas of ornamental planting. The pas-
 sage which follows is not less worthy of our no-
 tice. “ But though other countries have more
 “ benefit of the Sun than we, and thereby
 “ more properly tied to contemplate this de-
 “ light ; yet have I seen in our own a delicate
 “ and diligent curiosity, surely without parallel
 “ among foreign nations, namely in the gar-
 “ den of Sir Henry Fanshawe, at his seat in
 “ Ware-Park ; where, I well remember, he
 “ did so precisely examine the tinctures and
 “ seasons of his flowers, that in their settings,
 “ the inwardst of which that were to come
 “ up at the same time, should be always a lit-

“ the darker than the utmost, and so serve them
 “ for a kind of gentle shadow.” This seems
 to be the very same species of improvement
 which Mr. Kent valued himself for invent-
 ing, in later times, and of executing, not
 indeed with flowers, but with flowering shrubs
 and ever-greens, in his more finished pieces of
 scenery. The method of producing which ef-
 fect has been described with great precision and
 judgment by a late ingenious writer. (See
Observations on modern Gardening, sect. 14th,
 15th, and 16th.) It may, however, be doubt-
 ed whether Sir Henry Fanshawe’s garden were
 not too *delicate* and *diligent* a curiosity, since its
 panegyrist concludes the whole with telling us,
 that it was “ like a piece not of Nature, but
 “ of Art.” See *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, page
 64, edit. 4th.

NOTE III. Verse 412..

The wilds of taste. Yes, sagest VERULAM,

Lord Bacon, in the 46th of his essays, de-
 scribes what he calls *the platform of a princely*
garden. If the Reader compare this description
 with that which Sir William Temple has given
 in his essay, intituled, *The Gardens of Epicurus*,
 written in a subsequent age, he will find
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the superiority of the former very apparent; for though both of them are much obscured by the false taste of the times in which they were written, yet the vigor of Lord Bacon's genius breaks frequently through the cloud, and gives us a very clear display of what the real merit of gardening would be when its true principles were ascertained. For instance, out of thirty acres which he allots for the whole of his Pleasure-ground, he selects the first four for a lawn, without any intervention of plot or parterre, "because," says he, "nothing is more
 " pleasant to the eye than green grass kept
 " finely shorn." And "as for the making of
 " knots of figures, with diverse coloured
 " earths, that they may lie under the windows
 " of the house, on that side which the garden
 " stands, they be but toys, you may see as
 " good fights many times in tarts." Sir William Temple, on the contrary, tells us, that in the garden at Moor-park, which was his model of perfection, the first inlet to the whole was a very broad gravel walk garnished with a row of Laurels which looked like Orange-trees, and was terminated at each end by a summer-house. The parterre or principal garden which makes the second part in each of their descriptions, it
 must

must be owned, is equally devoid of simplicity in them both. "The garden," says his Lordship, "is best to be square, encompassed with a stately arched-hedge, the arches to be upon carpenters work, over every arch a little belly enough to receive a cage of birds, and, over every space, between the arches, some other little figure with broad plates of round coloured glass, gilt for the sun to play upon."

It would have been difficult for Sir William to make his more fantastic; he has, however, not made it more natural. The third part which Lord Bacon calls the Heath, and the other the Wilderness, is that in which the Genius of Lord Bacon is most visible; "for this," says he, "I wish to be framed as much as may be to a natural wildness." And accordingly he gives us a description of it in the most agreeable and picturesque terms, insomuch that it seems less the work of his own fancy than a delineation of that ornamental scenery which had no existence till above a century after it was written. Such, when he descended to matters of mere Elegance (for when we speak of Lord Bacon, to treat of these was to descend) were the amazing powers of his universal Genius.

NOTE IV. Verse 447.

All that the Nymph forgot, or left forlorn.

See Spencer's *Fairy Queen*, Book 4th, Canto the 10th : the passage immediately alluded to is in the 21st Stanza.

For all that Nature, by her mother wit,

Could frame in earth and form of substance
base

Was there ; and all that Nature did omit,
Art (playing Nature's second part) supplied it.

NOTE V. Verse 453.

That work, "where not nice Art in curious knots,

See Milton's inimitable description of the garden of Eden. *Paradise Lost*, Book 4th, part of which is here inserted.

NOTE VI. Verse 481.

Thou reach the Orchard, where the sparing turf

The French at present seem to be equally sparing of this natural clothing of the earth, although they have done us the honour to adopt our Bowling-greens, and to improve upon them. This appears from the following article of the *Encyclopedie* translated verbatim.

"Boulingrin. N. S. In gardening is a species of Parterre composed of pieces of divided

“ vided turf with borders sloping (*en glacis*)
 “ and evergreens at the corners and other parts
 “ of it. It is mowed four times a year to make
 “ the turf finer. The iuention of this kind of
 “ parterre comes from England, as also its
 “ name, which is derived from *Boule*, round,
 “ and *Grin*, fine gras or turf. Boulingrins
 “ are either simple or compound; the simple
 “ are all turf without ornament; the com-
 “ pound are cut into compartments of turf,
 “ embroidered with knots, mixt with little
 “ paths, borders of flowers, yew-trees, and
 “ flowering shrubs. Sand also of different co-
 “ lours contributes greatly to their value.”

NOTE VII. Verse 489.

Surpassing rule and order.” TEMPLE, *yes,*
 The passage here alluded to is as follows:
 “ What I have said of the best forms of Gar-
 “ dens is meant only of such as are in some
 “ sort regular; *for there may be other forms*
 “ *wholly irregular, that may, for ought I know,*
 “ *have more beauty than any of the others;* but
 “ they must owe it to some extraordinary dis-
 “ positions of Nature in the seat, or some great
 “ race of fancy and judgment in the contriv-
 “ ance, which may reduce many disagreeing
 “ parts

“ parts into some figure which shall yet upon
 “ the whole be very agreeable. Something of
 “ this I have seen in some places, and heard
 “ more of it from others who have lived much
 “ among the Chinese.” Sir William then
 gives us a kind of general account of the Chi-
 nese taste, and of their *Sbarawadgi*, and con-
 cludes thus: “ But I should hardly advise any
 “ of these attempts in the figure of gardens
 “ among us, they are adventures of too hardy
 “ atchievement for any common hands; and
 “ though there may be more honour if they
 “ succeed well, yet there is more dishonour if
 “ they fail, and it is twenty to one they will,
 “ whereas in regular figures it is hard to make
 “ any great and remarkable faults.” See
Temple's Miscellanies, vol. I. p. 186. fol. edit.

NOTE VIII. Verse 493.

Led to the fair atchievement. ADDISON,

I had before called Bacon the prophet, and
 Milton the herald of true taste in Gardening.
 The former, because in developing the constitu-
 ent properties of a princely garden, he had
 largely expatiated upon that adorned natural
 wildness which we now deem the essence of the
 art. The latter, on account of his having
 made

made this natural wildness the leading idea in his exquisite description of Paradise. I here call Addison, Pope, Kent, &c. the Champions of this true taste, because they absolutely brought it into execution. The beginning therefore of an actual reformation may be fixed at the time when the Spectator first appeared. The reader will find an excellent chapter upon this subject in the Pleasures of Imagination, published in No. 414 of the Spectator; and also another paper written by the same hand, No. 447; but perhaps nothing went further towards destroying the absurd taste of clipped evergreens than the fine ridicule upon them in the 173d Guardian, written by Mr. Pope.

NOTE IX. Verse 503.

Sweeps thro' each kindred Vista; Groves to Groves

See Mr. Pope's Epistle on False Taste, inscribed to the Earl of Burlington. Few readers, I suppose, need be informed that this line alludes to the following couplet:

Grove nods to Grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.

NOTE

NOTE X. Verse 511.

The pencil's power : but, fir'd by bigger forms

It is said that Mr. Kent frequently declared he caught his taste in Gardening from reading the picturesque descriptions of Spencer. However this may be, the designs he made for the works of that poet are an incontestible proof, that they had no effect upon his executive powers as a painter.

NOTE XI. Verse 522.

The simple Farm eclips'd the Garden's pride,

Mr. Southcote was the introducer, or rather the inventor of the *Ferme ornée* ; for it may be presumed, that nothing more than the term is of French extraction.

NOTE D. Page 145.

Camden, who lived in the days of Spenser, has described Guy-Cliffe, in Warwickshire, in a manner that looks as if either the Taste of his time was infinitely superior to that of the period immediately succeeding it ; or at least as if the Proprietor were himself an instance of a Genius very far transcending all his cotemporaries. “ Guy-Cliffe, nunc Thomæ de Bello Fago habitatio, & quæ ipsa sedes est amœnitatis: Non musculum ibi est opacum, fontes limpidi et gemmei, an-

tra muscosa, prata semper verna, rivi levis et furrans per saxa discursus, nec non solitudo, et quies Musis amicissima." Here is nothing fantastic and unnatural, which is the more extraordinary, as Guy-Cliffe is situated in the same county with Kennelworth, at that time the principal seat of every quaint and sumptuous departure from Nature and Simplicity.

Theobalds, which Hentzner has described, was laid out by Lord Burleigh, who seems to have anticipated all the absurdities we usually ascribe to a Taste supposed to have been long after imported from Holland; a Ditch full of water, Labyrinths made with a great deal of labour, and a Jet d'eau with its marble bason, constitute the principal ornaments of the place; and in a still earlier period, we learn that the Beauty of Nonfuch, the Delight of Henry VIII. consisted chiefly in Groves ornamented with trellis work, and cabinets of verdure. "At Ulkelf, near Towton," says Leland, "there lives a Prebendary of York, possessed of a goodly orchard with walks *opere topiario*;" and, in the year 1538, the same author describes "the Gardens within, and the orchards without the Mete" of Wreschill-Castle, the antient seat of the

the Perceys, to have “been exceedingly fair. And in the orchards were mounts *opere topiario*, writhen about with degrees like turnings of cokil-shells to cum to the top without pain.”

This is all that I will add to Mr. Mafon's note on this part of the subject; I had intended to have gone a great deal farther, and to have traced the history of modern Gardening in England as far as diligence would have supplied me with materials; but the subject has had the better fortune to come under the agreeable, the lively, and at the same time the accurate pen of Mr. Walpole. With all my readers I rejoice that I have been thus prevented.

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NOTE XII. Verse 10.

Which fills the fields with plenty. Hail that Art

THIS simile, founded on the vulgar error concerning the Harvest Moon, however false in philosophy, may, it is hoped, be admitted in poetry.

NOTE E. Page 152.

This rule is founded in nature and reason, and its universal application has the sanction of antiquity to support it. Quintilian, though certainly defective in his taste for Landscape, and

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even an admirer of *topiary* works, has yet in the following passage very well apologized for that regularity which he in general applauds, by making Utility and Profit, in these particular instances, reasons for it. “Nullusne *fructiferis* adhibendus est decor? quis neget? nam et in ordinem certaue intervalla redigam meas arbores: quid enim illo quincunxe speciosius, qui, in quamcunque partem spectaveris, rectus est? sed protinus in id quoque prodest ut terræ succum æqualiter trahant. Decentior Equus cujus adstricta sunt ilia, si idem velocior. Pulcher aspectu sit Athletæ cujus lacertos exercitatio expreßit, idem certamini paratior. Nunquam vero Species ab Utilitate dividitur.” *Quint. Inst.* lib. viii. cap. iii. *de Ornatu.*

Cicero has elegantly observed, “Nullam partem corporis (vel hominis vel ceterarum animantium) sine aliqua necessitate affectam, totamque formam quasi perfectam reperietis Arte non casu. Quid in arboribus, in quibus non truncus, non rami, non folia sunt denique, nisi ad suam retinendam, conservandamque Naturam? nusquam tamen est ulla pars nisi venusta. Linquamus Naturam, Artesque videamus; quid tam in Navigio necessarium quam

quam latera, quam carinæ, quam mali, quam vela ? quæ tamen hanc habent in specie venustatem, ut non solum salutis sed etiam voluptatis causâ inventa esse videantur. Columnæ & tēpla & porticus sustinent, tamen habent non plus Utilitatis quam Dignitatis. Capitolii fastigium illud & cæterarum Ædium non Venustas sed Necessitas ipsa fabricata est. Nam cum esset habita ratio quemamodum ex utraque parte tecti aqua delaberetur, Utilitatem Templi, Fastigii Dignitas consequuta est, ut etiam, si in Cœlo Capitolium statueretur ubi imber esse non posset, nullam sine Fastigio dignitatem habiturum fuisse videatur. Hoc in omnibus item partibus Orationis evenit ut Utilitatem ac prope Necessitatem suavitas quædam & Lepos consequatur.” *Ciccon. de Oratore*, lib. iii.

I might multiply quotations without end, but will close with a passage from the practical Architect Vitruvius, which may serve as a comment on the above beautiful observation of Cicero: “ Quod non potest in veritate fieri, id non putaverent (Antiqui) in imaginibus factum, posse etiam rationem habere. Omnia enim certâ proprietate, & a veris Naturæ deductis moribus

moribus traduxerunt in operum perfectiones;
& ea probaverunt, quorum Explicationes in
disputationibus rationem possunt habere Veri-
tatis." *Vitruv.* lib. iv. cap. ii. *de Ornamentis*
Calumnarum.

NOTE XIII. Verse 119.

Than does this sylvan Despot. Yet to those
See Book the First, line 84. See also Mr.
Pope's Epistle to Lord Burlington, line 57.

Consult the Genius of the place in all, &c.

A fundamental rule, which is here further
enlarged upon from line 126.

NOTE XIV. Verse 222.

(And that the tyrant's plea) to work your harm.

Alluding to Milton.

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,

The tyrant's plea, excus'd his dev'lish deeds.

PARADISE LOST, book iv. line 393.

NOTE XV. Verse 327.

Is curb'd by mimic snares; the slenderest twine

Linnæus makes this a characteristical proper-
ty of the fallow deer; his words are, *arcetur*
flos

filo horizontali. (See Syst. Nat. Art. *Dama.*)

I have sometimes seen feathers tied to this line for greater security, though perhaps unnecessarily. They seem, however, to have been in use in Virgil's time, from the following passage in the Georgicks:

Stant circumfusa pruinis
Corpora magna boum : confertoque agmine cervi
Torpent mole novâ, et summis vix cornibus extant.
Hos non emissis canibus, non cassibus ullis,
Punicæve agitant pavidos formidine pennæ :
Sed frustra oppositum trudentes pectore montem
Cominus obtruncant ferro.

GEORG. lib. iii. v. 363.

Ruæus's comment on the fifth line is as follows: *linea, aut funiculus erat, cui Plumæ implicabantur variis tinctæ coloribus, ad feras terrendas, ut in retia agerentur.* And a simile, which Virgil uses in the twelfth book of the *Æneid*, v. 749, and another in Lucan's *Phars.* lib. iv. v. 437, clearly prove that the learned Jesuit has rightly explained the passage.

NOTE F. Page 159.

I omitted, in the Commentary, to take notice of the Feathers which the Author has mentioned

tioned as a means of restraining deer, because in the foregoing Note he seemed to think them unnecessary; and therefore I conceived that he introduced them only as a poetical embellishment founded merely on classical authority; but I have since learned that the practice still prevails in many, perhaps all of our English forests, particularly in that of Whittlebury. It should seem, therefore, that its continuance through ages must be supported by experience of its use, and that a horizontal line without these feathers would not be a sufficient obstruction.

NOTE XVI. Verse 470.

The wise Sidonian liv'd: and, tho' the pest

ABDALONIMUS. The fact, on which this Episode is founded, is recorded by Diodorus Siculus, Plutarch, Justin, and Q. Curtius; the last is here chiefly followed. M. de Fontenelle and the Abbé Metastasio have both of them treated the subject dramatically.

NOTE

NOTE G: Page 164.

Φοβερὸς γεωργὸς ἔδει, φίλῃ παῖσιν, ἄπειρῃ αἵματι,
 ἄπειρῃ σφαγῇ, ἱερὸς καὶ παναγὴς θεῶν ἐπικαρπῶν καὶ
 ἱπποληναιῶν καὶ ἀλῶν καὶ προηροσίων· ἴσῃ μὲν ἐν δημοκρατίᾳ,
 ὀλιγαρχίᾳ δὲ καὶ τυραννίδι μάλιγα μίσει γεωργία.

Γεωργοὶ πρῶτοι μὲν τῶν ἐκ γῆς καρπῶν τοῖς διδωκάσι θεοῖς
 ἀπεξεξάμενοι γεωργῶν φιλάνθρωποι μὲν αἱ εὖχαι, εὐφημοὶ
 δὲ αἱ θυσίαι ἀπὸ οἰκείων πότων, ἄμοιροι συμφερῶν, ἄμοιροι
 κακῶν.

Maxim. Tyr. Dissertat. xiv.



N O T E S
UPON
BOOK THE THIRD
AND ITS
COMMENTARY.

NOTE H. Page 165.

THE respect Mr. Gray had for the Art of Gardening, appears in his letter to Mr. How, to which I have before referred my reader, (see Note B. p. 102.) but which I shall here insert at large, because I have since been informed that a Poem on the same subject has been lately published in France, and is there highly esteemed, in which the Author, like the rest of his countrymen, ascribe the origin of our Gardens to the Chinese. “ He (Count Algarotti) is highly civil to our nation, but there is one
X point

point in which he does not do us justice ; I am the more solicitous about it, because it relates to the only taste we can call our own ; the only proof of our original talent in matter of pleasure, I mean our skill in Gardening, or rather laying out grounds : and this is no small honour to us, since neither France nor Italy have ever had the least notion of it, nor yet do at all comprehend it when they see it. That the Chinese have this beautiful art in high perfection seems very probable from the Jesuit's Letters, and more from Chambers's little discourse published some years ago ; but it is very certain we copied nothing from them, nor had any thing but Nature for our model. It is not forty years since the Art was born among us, and as sure we then had no information on this head from China at all." See *Memoirs of Mr. Gray*, Section v. Letter viii.

In the last smaller Edition of Mr. Walpole's Anecdotes of painting, the reader will also find a very entertaining and important addition made to his history of Gardening on this very subject (see vol. iv. p. 283.) which puts the matter out of all doubt. Yet it is to be observed, that Mr. Gray and Mr. Walpole differ in
their

their ideas of Chinese perfection in this Art : But had Mr. Gray lived to see what he calls Chambers's *little discourse* enlarged into a *dissertation on oriental Gardening*, by Sir William Chambers, Knight, it is more than probable he would have come over to his friend's sentiments ; certain it is he would never have agreed with the French, in calling this species of Gardening *Le gout Anglo-Chinois*.

NOTE XVII. Verse 12.

Place I the Urn, the Bust, the sculptur'd Lyre,

Mr. Gray died July 31st, 1771. This book was begun a few months after. The three following lines allude to a rustic alcove the author was then building in his garden, in which he placed a medallion of his friend, and an urn ; a lyre over the entrance with the motto from Pindar, $\Phi\Omega\Lambda\Lambda\Lambda\tau\alpha\ \Sigma\upsilon\eta\epsilon\tau\omicron\iota\varsigma\iota$, and under it on a tablet this stanza, taken from the first edition of his *Elegy* written in a country church-yard.

Here scatter'd oft, the loveliest of the year,

By hands unseen, are showers of violets found ;

The Redbreast loves to build and warble *here*,

And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

NOTE XVIII. Verse 122.

Let England prize this daughter of the East

Our common Laurel was first brought into the Low Countries A. D. 1576 (together with the Horse Chestnut) from Constantinople, as a present from David Ungnad, the Imperial Ambassador in Turkey, to Clusius the famous Botanist. It was sent to him by the name of Trabison-Curmasi, or the Date of Trebisond, but he named it Lauro-Cerasus.

NOTE XIX. Verse 354.

Deepen your dripping roofs! this feverish hour

These lines were written in June, 1778, when it was remarkably hot weather.

NOTE XX. Verse 366.

Shuts to the tuneful trifling of the Bard,

René Rapin, a learned Jesuit of the last century, who wrote a didactic Latin Poem on Gardens, in four books, by way of supplement to Virgil's Georgics. The third book treats the subject of water, or more properly of water-works, for it is entirely made up of descriptions of jets d'eau, and such sort of artificial baubles.

NOTE

NOTE XXI. Verse 388.

And winds with shorter bend. To drain the rest

See Book the second, ver. 50 to ver. 78, where the curve of beauty, or a line waving very gently, is said not only to prevail in natural pathways, but in the course of rivulets and the outline of lakes. It generally does so; yet in the latter it is sometimes found more abrupt: in artificial pieces of water, therefore, sharper curves may be employed than in the formation of the sand or gravel-walk.

NOTE XXII. Verse 452.

That facile mode which His inventive powers

Mr. Brindley, who executed the Duke of Bridge-water's canal, and invented a method of making dams to hold water without clay, using for this purpose any sort of earth duly tempered with water.

NOTE I. Page 176.

The method of constructing these mounds, which is called "puddling," consists only in greatly moistening and turning the soil (of whatever nature it may be) in the manner, in which mortar is tempered; for thus its parts are brought closer together, and in its almost

fluid state the influence of attraction is allowed to operate, to turn to each other and bring into contact those surfaces which are best adapted to cohesion, a principle so universal, that even in sand it is said it is found so strong as to render it after sufficient working, water-proof. Where an unmeasurable weight of water was to be resisted, I have seen the operation thus performed; a deep perpendicular trench was dug out about four feet wide; in this, as incident to its situation, the water sprung up very plentifully, and into this the soil that was raised was again returned by degrees, being trampled and beaten, and turned with shovels and spades, exactly (as I said before) as if it were mortar, by which means it became perfectly viscous: beyond this point labour is useless; for attraction has taken place, and no more can be added. The practice, on a very confined scale, was known before Brindley, but he first developed its principles, applied it indiscriminately to every soil, and used it to great and extensive purposes, and therefore may justly be allowed the honour of having been the inventor.

NOTE K. Page 176.

We so seldom see the rock-work of these artificial Cascades well executed, that persons of a refined picturesque taste are apt to explode them, and to think of them as they do of artificial Ruins and imitative Buildings, that they ought never to be put into execution. Our Author, however, has ventured to recommend both, the one here, and the other in the succeeding book; and this, in my opinion, very justly, because the arguments against their use are founded only on that abuse which has taken away all likeness from the imitation: and, surely, that they have been ill imitated affords no reason that they cannot be well imitated; on the contrary, there is great reason to attempt a copy upon better principles, and execute it with truer taste, because there are scenes and situations in Nature which absolutely call for such objects to give them their last and finished perfection. It is as necessary, therefore, for the Gardener to supply them upon his living canvass, as for the Landscape Painter to display them upon his dead one; and he is capable of doing this, because he has sometimes actually done it with full effect.

NOTE

NOTE XXIII. Verse 471.

Rejoice; as if the thund'ring Tees himself
 The fall of the Tees, near Middleton in Yorkshire, is esteemed one of the greatest in England.

NOTE XXIV. Verse 492.

A Naiad dwells: LINEA is her name:

This idea was conceived in a very retired grove at Papplewick in Nottinghamshire, the seat of Frederick Montagu, Esq; who has long honoured me with his friendship, where a little clear trout-stream (dignified perhaps too much by the name of a River) gurgles very deliciously. This stream is called the Lin, and the spring itself rises but a little way from his plantations. Hence the name of this Naiad is formed. The village itself, which is situated on the edge of the forest of Sherwood, has not been without poetical notice before, Ben Johnson having taken some of his *Dramatis Personæ* from it, in his unfinished Pastoral Comedy, called *The Sad Shepherd*.

NOTE XXV. Verse 512.

To Commerce and to Care. In Margaret's grove,
St. John's College in Cambridge, founded
by Margaret Countess of Richmond, mother
of Henry the Seventh.

NOTE XXVI. Verse 528.

Who stole the gift of Thetis. Hence the cause,
Alluding to the Ode to a Water Nymph,
which the Author wrote a year or two after his
admission into the university. *See his Poems,*
Ode II.

N O T E S
UPON
BOOK THE FOURTH
AND ITS
COMMENTARY.

NOTE XXVII. Verse 101.

A time-struck Abbey. An impending grove

IT was said in the first Book, ver. 384, that of those architectural objects which improved a fine natural *English* prospect, the two principal were the *Castle* and the *Abbey*. In conformity with this idea, ALCANDER first begins to exercise his taste, by forming a resemblance of those two capital artificial features, *uniting them*, however, *with utility*. The precept is here meant to be conveyed by description, which
had

had before been given more directly in Book II.
ver. 21.

Beauty scorns to dwell
Where *Use* is exil'd.

NOTE L. Page 182.

If we consider how Gothic Edifices were originally constructed, it will appear how very defectively they have been, for the most part, imitated. In order, therefore, to obviate this practice, I will here give a summary and brief description both of such as were Military and Ecclesiastical.

The GOTHIC CASTLE, or military structure, consisted in every instance of the Keep or Strong-hold, and the Court or Enclosure annexed to the Keep.

The KEEP was a great and high tower, either round or square, for the most part situated on an artificial elevation, the entire top of which it usually occupied. Advantage also was frequently taken of a naturally high situation.

If the tower was square, it often had annexed to it square projections, generally at the corners,
and

and about mid-way between them, to act as buttresses, of which, however, they do not carry the appearance, as they exhibit a front greater than their projection, and do not diminish in their projection as they ascend. When round, I have frequently seen the Keep, without any buttress whatever.

The great Portal or door of entrance into the Keep, was always at the least one floor high from the ground, and was usually entered by means of an external stair-case and vestibule, which was strongly fortified. This stair-case led only so high as the portal, and the landing-place at the head consisted for the most part of a draw-bridge which was worked from within the Keep, and which, when raised, not only cut off all communication, but by leaning against and covering the portal, served exceedingly to strengthen it against an enemy that might already have taken possession of the vestibule and stair-case.

There was seldom any aperture for a considerable height from the ground; and as the apartments of the Lord or Commander of the Castle were near the top, it was only there that

any aperture appeared which exceeded the size of a loop, and even there the windows were of but small dimensions.

The Keep was usually embattled at top, but the battlements have in general been defaced by time and ruin.

The wall of the COURT, or Enclosure was always connected with the Keep, and the entrance into it was usually by a great arch strongly fortified, and passing between two towers connected by the wall through which the arched-way was carried.—There was never any great arch in the Keep itself.

As the wall commenced at the Keep at both sides, it was commonly carried down the hill, and frequently comprehended not only the descent but also a part of the plain beneath.

The height of the wall, where it joined the Keep, was sometimes regulated by the height of the great portal that led to the principal apartments, which, for the most part, occupied the third story; for the stair-case, by which this was approached, was often built within
the

the substance of the wall itself, in which case there was no other external vestibule.

Loops were frequently made in the wall of the Enclosure ; for it was of such dimensions as not only to contain a passage for maintaining a communication among the parts of the fortress within its thickness, but had sometimes even apartments either for confinement of prisoners, or for stores.

The reader, who wishes for farther information on this subject, is referred to Mr. King's ingenious and accurate *Observations on ancient Castles*.

ECCLESIASTICAL BUILDINGS, or ABBIES, consisted generally of the great Church, a Refectory, a Chapter-House, and a Cloyster, with the necessary accommodations of Kitchen, Dormitory, &c.

The CHURCH was usually in the form of a cross, in the center of which rose the tower. — From east to west it was always considerably longer than from north to south.

The great west end was the place of entrance into the Church ; here, therefore, the greatest degree of ornament was bestowed both on the portal and the window over it.

The lateral walls were strengthened by buttresses which always diminished as they rose, and between every two windows was a buttress.

Within, the insulated columns ran in rows corresponding with the buttresses without.

As a cross affords two sides to each of many squares, one of these squares was usually completed, and the other two sides were supplied, the one by the cloyster, which was frequently carried in length from north to south, and the other by the refectory and chapter-house, which stood at right angles with this cloyster, and parallel to the body of the Church from east to west.

The cloyster was sometimes carried into length, and sometimes surrounded a square court ; over the cloyster was the customary place for the dormitory.

None

None of the parts of the Abbey at all approached to the height of the Church.

The great pointed arch was an invention subsequent to the building of many Abbies, which have small round-topped windows; these, therefore, may very well be placed in the sides of the Church; but in the west end, for the most part, the pointed arch was introduced as a high ornament by succeeding Architects.

There never was built an external column, nor an internal buttress; miniature imitations of these were indeed promiscuously introduced among the smaller ornaments of the building; but the rule is invariably true with regard to the great structure itself.

The stone-work of Gothic buildings was very neatly hewn and jointed; and even now their very ruins are by no means rough on the surface, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the spot where time has made a breach, or where they have been stripped of their casing.

Though the rules of Gothic Architecture have not been so diligently inquired into as those of the Greek, yet certain we may be, from the resemblance which prevails, not only in the whole, but in the parts of all great Gothic edifices among themselves, that they were constructed upon rules which it would be better for us to investigate than dispense with in favour of the silly caprices which we daily see executed under the name of GOTHIC BUILDINGS, to the disgrace of our Observation and Taste. I have seen a Gothic Temple, an open Gothic Portico, a Gothic Cupola, and I have seen an arched Gothic Rotunda !

Magnitude is a *sine quâ non* of Gothic Architecture.

I have been forced to make use of the qualifying terms *usually, for the most part, &c.* because I cannot say that any of these rules, though general, are without, perhaps, many exceptions. I am writing, not for the benefit of the Gothic Architect, but his picturesque Imitator, for whom these few precepts and cautions, I trust, will be found sufficiently precise.

The

The reader will not suppose, that by thus delineating the rules by which these two sorts of edifices were constructed, I recommend to the imitator an exact copy of the whole of either, much less that I would wish him to execute on a small scale what can only have probability when practised on a great one. I only require a judicious selection of the parts of such buildings, and that each may be made with exactness to occupy its proper place. A remnant of the Keep, of the great gate of entrance, or even of a single tower, with an additional length of ruined wall, will frequently answer the purpose of imitation in the military style very completely, while a single high-arched window of portal, part of a low groined cloyster, and a few mutilated columns justly arranged within the supposed body of the Church, will equally well answer it in the ecclesiastical style: But the general faults that have prevailed in these kinds of imitation are, first, that of designing too much, perhaps a whole; secondly, the executing that whole upon a pigmy scale; thirdly, the introduction of a capricious mode of ornament: and, lastly, a total neglect of the real position of the parts. The best, perhaps the
only

only good rule that can be followed, is to copy some beautiful fragment of an ancient ruin with the same fidelity that one would copy a portrait, and happily for our purpose England abounds with such fragments ; but let us ever avoid invention where our proper business is only imitation.

The description of Alcander's mansion remarkably coincides with Leland the Antiquary's account of Greenwich in its antient state.

Ecce ut jam niteat locus petitus,
Tantum sydereæ domus cathedræ !
Quæ fastigia picta ! quæ fenestræ !
Quæ turrets vel ad astra sefferentes !

Κυρνειον 'Ασμα, ver. 310.

Leland died A. D. 1552.

NOTE XXVIII. Verse 131.

And fright the local Genius from the scene.

A precept is here rather more than hinted at ; but it appeared to be so well founded, and yet so seldom attended to by the fabricators of Grottos, that it seemed necessary to slide back a little from the narrative into the didactic to inculcate it the more strongly.

NOTE

NOTE XXIX. Verse 157.

His Galatea: Yes, th' impassion'd Youth

Alluding to a Letter of that famous Painter, written to his Friend Count Baltasar Castiglione, when he was painting his celebrated picture of Galatea, in which he tells him, *essendo carestia di belle donne, io mi servo di certa idea che viene alla mente.* See Bellori *Descriz. delle immagini dipinte da Raffaello d'Urbino*, or the Life of B. Castiglione, prefixt to the London Edition of his Book entitled, *Il Cortegiano*.

NOTE XXX. Verse 201.

Irregular, yet not in patches quaint,

There is nothing in picturesque Gardening which should not have its archetype in unadorned Nature. Now, as we never see any of her plains dotted with dissevered patches of any sort of vegetables, except, perhaps, some of her more barren heaths, where even Furze can grow but sparingly, and which form the most disagreeable of her scenes; therefore the present common mode of dotting clumps of flowers, or shrubs on a grass-plot, without union, and without other meaning than that of appearing irregular, ought to be avoided. It is the form
and

and easy flow of the grassy interstices (if I may so call them) that the designer ought first to have a regard to; and if these be well formed, the spaces for flowers or shrubbery will be at the same time ascertained.

NOTE XXXI. Verse 218.

Might safely flourish; where the Citron sweet.

M. Le Girardin, in an elegant French Essay, written on the same subject, and formed on the same principles, with this Poem, is the only writer that I have seen (or at least recollect) who has attempted to give a stove or hot-house a picturesque effect. It is his hint, pursued and considerably dilated, which forms the description of ALCANDER'S Conservatory. See his Essay, *De la composition des Paysages*. Gen. 1777.

NOTE XXXII. Verse 358.

The Linnets warble, captive none, but lur'd

See Rousseau's charming description of the Garden of Julie, *Nouvelle Eloise*, 4 partie, lett. 11th. In consequence of pursuing his idea, no birds are introduced into ALCANDER'S Menagerie, but such as are either domesticated, or chuse to visit it for the security and food they find

find there. If any of my more delicate readers wish to have theirs stocked with rarer kind of fowls, they must invent a picturesque Bird-cage for themselves.

NOTE XXXIII. Verse 427.

Till, like fatigu'd VILLARIO, soon we find

See Pope's Epistle to Lord Burlington, ver. 88.

NOTE XXXIV. Verse 448.

Tho' foreign from the soil, provokes thy frown.

It is hoped that, from the position of this River-God in the menagerie; from the situation of the busts and vases in the flower-garden; and that of the statue in the conservatory, the reader will deduce the following general precept, "that all adventitious ornaments of sculpture ought either to be accompanied with a proper back-ground (as the Painters term it) or introduced as a part of architectural scenery; and that when, on the contrary, they are placed in open lawns or parterres, according to the old mode, they become, like Antæus and Enceladus mentioned in the beginning of this book, mere *scare-crows*."

NOTE

NOTE XXXV. Verse 462.

"If true, here only." Thus, in Milton's phrase
See Milton's *Paradise Lost*, b. iv. ver. 248.
&c.

NOTE XXXVI. Verse 499.

To those that tend the dying. Both the youths

These lines are taken from the famous passage in Hippocrates in his book of Prognostics, which has been held so accurately descriptive, that dying persons are, from hence, usually said to have the *facies Hippocratica*. The passage is as follow :

Ρί, ὀξεῖα, ὀφθαλμοὶ κῶλοι, κροταφοὶ ζυμπωλικῶτες, ὦτα
ψυχρά καὶ ξυστεγμένα, καὶ ὁ ὅμοι τῶν ὠτῶν ἀπτεγμμένοι,
καὶ τὸ δέγμα τὸ περὶ τὸ μέτωπον, σκληρὸν τε καὶ περιελαμένον
καὶ καρφαλέον εἶναι, καὶ τὸ χρώμα τῆ ζυμπωλῆος πρόσωπον χλωρὸν
τε ἢ καὶ μέλαν εἶναι καὶ πελιδνὸν ἢ μελαδωδες.

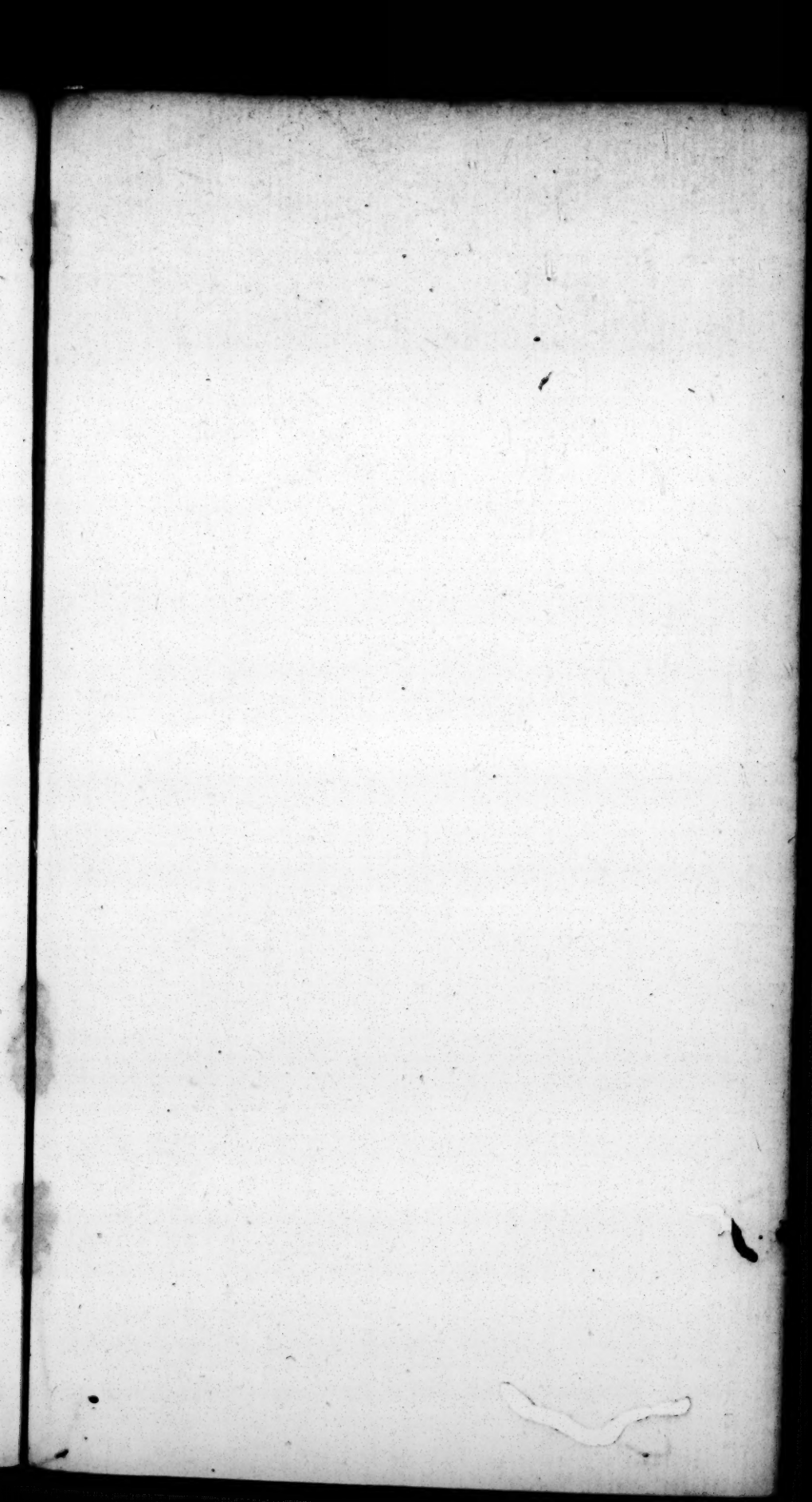
NOTE XXXVII. Verse 646.

He bids them raise: it seem'd a Hermit's cell;

If this building is found to be in its right position, structures of the same kind will be thought improperly placed when situated, as they frequently are, on an eminence commanding an extensive prospect. I have either seen or heard of one of this kind, where the builder seem'd to be so much convinced of its

incon-





238 h 7

R ——— English Muses.